THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

An Illustrated Weekly Magazine
Founded A° D° 1728 *by* Benj. Franklin

AUG. 16, '02 — FIVE CENTS THE COPY

Society Out West

By Charles M. Flandrau

Grover Cleveland

By David Graham Phillips

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son

The Plant at High Grove

By Will Payne

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

Proper care at the right time makes and preserves a good complexion. Through hot mid-summer days the skin is kept smooth and fair as a lily by

WOODBURY'S FACIAL SOAP

Prevents burning and roughness caused by sun and wind. Acts gratefully on the tenderest skin. Insures a velvety complexion. Soothing, refreshing and antiseptic. 25 cents at all dealers.

Special Offer Our booklet and trial size package of Soap sent for 5 cents to pay postage; or, for 10 cents the same and samples of Woodbury's Facial Powder and Dental Cream.

THE ANDREW JERGENS CO. Dept. 52, Cincinnati, O.
Sole Agents

The best thing on wheels

All Roads Alike to

THE OLDSMOBILE

Physicians use the Oldsmobile in preference to any other because it saves time—and a Doctor's time is money. The Oldsmobile has proved itself by long, hard service to be the ideal Motor Vehicle for Physicians. It outwears a dozen horses, is always harnessed, always fed—is built to run *and does it*. All months are good months for the Oldsmobile, but the autumn months are best of all. If you want prompt delivery, order promptly. **Price $650.00, f. o. b. Detroit.** Write for book to Department G, which tells all about it.

SELLING AGENTS

Oldsmobile Co., 138 W. 39th Street, New York.
Oldsmobile Co., 1124 Connecticut Avenue, Washington, D.C.
Quaker City Auto. Co., 138 No. Broad Street, Philadelphia.
H. B. Shattuck & Son, 270 Columbus Avenue, Boston.
Banker Bros. Co., East End, Pittsburgh.
Oldsmobile Company, 411 Euclid Avenue, Cleveland, O.
William E. Metzger, 254 Jefferson Avenue, Detroit.
Ralph Temple & Austrian Co., 250 Wabash Avenue, Chicago.
Olds Gasoline Engine Works, Omaha. Fisher Automobile Co., Indianapolis.
W. C. Jaynes Auto. Co., 873 Main Street, Buffalo, N. Y.
Day Automobile Co., St. Louis and Kansas City, Mo.
George Hannan, 1455 California Street, Denver.
Clark & Hawkins, 901 Texas Avenue, Houston, Tex.
The Manufacturers Co., 26 Fremont Street, San Francisco.
A. F. Chase & Co., 215 So. Third St., Minneapolis.
Oldsmobile Co., 728 National Avenue, Milwaukee, Wis.
Abbott Cycle Co., 411 Baronne Street, New Orleans, La.

OLDS MOTOR WORKS, Detroit, Mich., U. S. A.

All the world's a stage. Elgin Watches are the prompters.

Elgin Watch

are the world's standard for pocket timepieces. Sold by every jeweler in the land; guaranteed by the world's greatest watch works. Booklet free.

ELGIN NATIONAL WATCH CO.
ELGIN, ILLINOIS.

Every step in picture taking and picture making taught by mail.

The
Kodak Correspondence School of Photography

treats both the technical and artistic sides of photography in a simple, practical manner. Tuition free to all owners of Kodak and Brownie Cameras upon payment of One Dollar for text books. Competent instructors will give individual attention and honest criticism to each member of the school.

Circular by mail upon request.

EASTMAN KODAK CO., Rochester, N. Y.

$4000.00 in prizes for the best Kodak and Brownie Pictures

WHAT SCHOOL?

Our School and College Information Bureau

will furnish you, without charge, impartial and reliable information concerning educational institutions of every kind, and will send FREE Catalogues of such schools as will best serve your interests. We solicit the correspondence of those who wish to attend any school, or who have children to educate. We can assist you selecting the most desirable school, and help you **REDUCE YOUR SCHOOL BILLS.** SPECIAL RATES will be secured for a limited number of students in each of several hundred leading Colleges, Girls' Boarding Schools, Military Schools, Schools of Law, Medicine, Dentistry, Pharmacy, Business, Music, Art.

Send for application blank

AMERICAN EDUCATIONAL CO., - - - - 319 Dearborn Street, Chicago, Illinois

Profitable Work

WE WANT an agent in every town in the country to look after renewals and new subscriptions for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and THE LADIES' HOME JOURNAL. The pay is first-rate and at the end of the season $20,000 in cash will be given to those who have done good work.

If you will try the experiment write to us and we will send a little booklet, telling just how to make a success of the work, together with everything necessary for carrying it on, all without a cent of expense to you.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, PHILADELPHIA

A Royal Panhard

coach seats twelve—ideal for traveling to and from the country home, for theatre parties and touring—for the whole family. Twelve horse-power, with a speed of 15 to 20 miles an hour. Made in France—the only one in this country—price $10,000. Imported by

Smith & Mabley
513-515 Seventh Ave., N.Y.

Panhard, Charron, Girardot & Voigt, Renault, Marianfeldt

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

Founded A° D° 1728 by Benj. Franklin

Published Weekly at 425 Arch Street by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY

London: Hastings House, 10, Norfolk Street, Strand, W. C.

Copyright, 1902, by THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY, in the United States and Great Britain.

Entered at the Philadelphia Post-Office as Second-Class Matter.

VOLUME 175 — PHILADELPHIA, AUGUST 16, 1902 — NUMBER 7

GROVER CLEVELAND

By David Graham Phillips

The Causes that Bring Him into Renewed Prominence. Elemental Force. The Acts of His Administrations in the Light of Recent Events

WHEN Grover Cleveland completed his second term five years ago last March 4 he had every reason to look forward to a repose more profound than had fallen to the lot of any other ex-President of the Republic. Even if there had been no precedent against a third term; if, on the contrary, third terms had theretofore been the invariable rule, still he would have felt that he could securely count upon undisturbed privacy. His party organization had left him; a large part of his own immediate following had left him, sorely grieved by his Monroe Doctrine message against English aggressions in Venezuela; the opposition regarded him as the assailant of American enterprise and prosperity—was he not the arch-enemy of the high protective tariff?

"Tariff reformer!" shouted Republicans. "Gold bug!" howled Democrats. "Jingo!" moaned Mugwumps.

Yet to-day, through a swift reaction as astonishing as any other feature of his strange career, he is once more "coming into fashion" politically. Republicans speak with admiration and respect of his money policy and his foreign policy, and even of his policy of lowering the trust-enriching tariff schedules. The Mugwumps have seen the far-sighted wisdom of his rebuke to England and have forgiven him. The teachable leaders of his own party, weary of starving and shivering in the bleak desert, are drawing their flocks back to where he has stood all the time, and are asking his aid and counsel.

This is a day when the glitter of gold and the glamour of "glory" fill—or seem to fill—the eyes of the American people. Trench-digger and scrub-woman talk glibly of sums of nine and ten figures, and discuss projects for whipping and annexing all creation. The money-bag and the sword seem to be becoming the symbols of our civilization. "Let us be strenuous!" cry the politicians. "Ho for a pirate-life! Away with the sober round of daily duty and the dull parochial pursuit of setting the world an example of peace, thrift and neighborly kindness." And they hear—or fancy they hear—the people say "Amen!" From this clamor and glitter and glamour it may be restful—if nothing more—to turn aside for a moment to the little town of Princeton, New Jersey, to the modest and quiet home of an old-fashioned American of the kind our fathers were, and take a brief look at him—what he is, what he has done, at his unparalleled career, at the curious and stubborn fidelity with which he ministers at the altars of the fallen—or, are they merely sleeping?—gods of the fathers.

It is beautiful, this university town of Princeton, and should be famous for its marvelous cover of green, its lines and groves and groups of majestic trees, as well as for its university and for its ex-President. And in one of the most beautiful streets stands the house of Mr. Cleveland—set just a little back from the highway, its surroundings and proportions unmistakably asserting the American citizen of that comfortable middle fortune which all may aspire to and all sensible people must envy. The

ON THE PORCH OF THE PRINCETON HOUSE

chances are that there is a group on the porch—a family group, with young children playing on the lawn. The chances are that in the group, his eyes upon the children, there will be a man whose face makes you formulate your first impression of him into that serene, splendid word—Content!

An Impression of Dominant Personality

He stands and you note that he is about sixty years old—you would not be surprised if you heard that he was fifty-five; you are a little surprised when you read in the biographical dictionary that he was born sixty-five years ago. He has a large, substantial figure—broad shoulders, broad chest and a broad back, as you see when he leads the way into his library. You understand how he could sit at a desk more hours than any other President we ever had, how he could perform more labor with less assistance than any other. He is dressed in a baggy sack suit that comes up to a certain lowly ideal of "solid comfort." His is the dress of a settled father of a family.

MR. CLEVELAND AT HIS DESK IN THE BILLIARD ROOM

He speaks in a voice, you instantly feel, that has never listened to itself, has never modified itself to create an impression, has always been the untrained instrument of a mind determined to think for itself and to utter itself without fear or concealment. He is looking at you—squarely, keenly, with young eyes—the eyes of a young, alert mind. His is a serious, powerful face, even aggressive in some of its lines; yet the eyes twinkle. You have seen the same merry expression in the eyes of that wisest and best-natured of animals, the elephant; it is there even when, good-humoredly to end an annoyance, "my lord, the elephant," with a careless swing of his trunk, sends his annoyer tumbling. You feel that you would not, could not trifle with this man; could not ask an improper favor of him.

He is sitting in a big chair at a desk covered with books and papers—current economics and politics are the subjects of most of the print you see. He fills the chair, and his arms and strong hands rest upon the arms of it, and his feet are firmly and squarely planted upon the floor. And now you get two polysyllabic impressions—impenetrability and immovability. You feel that this man must have been most exasperating to the log-rollers and place-hunters and job-promoters of official and semi-official Washington. No wonder they exhausted their ingenuity in distorting his acts, in inventing malicious personal lies that went through the country as a snake crawls through a forest—under the carpet of leaves, unseen, faintly rustling. No wonder they roared their delight when he passed away. No wonder they grew choleric and caloric at the mention of his name.

Impenetrability. What is he looking at, straight ahead of him? Does he listen? Does he hear? Are his ears open? Can they be opened? Does he understand? Does he wish to understand? Will he let himself understand? Is he a graven image? Or has he, after honest examination and consideration, made up his mind that this appropriation bill or measure "for the good of the party," or this reward for a hustler at the polls, shall be vetoed; and has he shut his ears and given himself up to an internal contemplation remote from the subject his callers are talking about? Is it worth while to go on talking? Is it not more sensible to go away? Would he know that some one had been with him and has slipped away, if the impulse to "take a sneak" were followed?

Immovability. Has he ever moved from the place where duty has led him? Will he ever move? Could he be moved? Could he be induced to move himself? Could any forces be assembled from the four corners of the country strong enough to pry him up and budge him? If he moves, where will he move to? May he not move upon and crush those who are beseeching him to move? And if so, may he not decide to move no more and thus pinion them down forever?

If a crowd were to howl and to push he would not hear or move—the harder they pushed the heavier would be his hold upon his seat. If a politician were to whisper and push he would not hear or move. No, with this man the impulse to action comes wholly from within.

Then, out of these impressions of impenetrability and immovability that get their strength from every curve of his face, of his well-shaped, distinguished head, of his huge and heavy form, there comes to you a conviction—a conviction that the man is inflexibly, simply, honest. You do not fancy it, you do not suspect it: you feel and know it. This man, you say to yourself, is as solid and strong and unpretentious through and through as an old gray cliff that has calmly faced the embattled waves

through the centuries. He would decide what was the right, according to the best lights he could command; and there he would sit, unwearied, immovable, not even thinking of motion, heedless of clamor, never looking without for justification, but content in the justification of his own self-respect. And you feel that this physical largeness is a sign most significant. And you suddenly cease to care to discover what you usually seek in presence of new personalities—the evidence of intellect and learning. You feel that, whether he has them or not, he has something rarer and higher and more valuable than they, something before which they stand deferential. You see Character, founded steadfastly upon fearless courage. And then you begin to understand his career—strange in a stranger way than any career which this land of strange careers has produced.

In 1881 he was forty-four years old and comparatively obscure. He consented in that year, at the earnest solicitation of his party and many of his fellow-citizens outside his party, to interrupt his private professional work and accept a nomination to the mayoralty of Buffalo. He, however, disregarded the dictates of prudence and refused to run unless the other candidates on the same ticket gave promise, in case of success, of an improvement and purification in municipal affairs. He boldly invited obscurity for the rest of his life in preference to lending himself to an every-day practice in politics. The politicians jeered at and cursed this super-sensitive conscience, but yielded. He was elected, and that very act of acute conscientiousness, luminously interpreting his character to the people, opened the way for his election as Governor in the following fall. In that office he fought corruption in his own party as openly and sternly as he fought it in the opposition; and he refused to stoop to acts of treacherous demagoguery cleverly planned by the politicians to make the party "solid with the people." He was nominated for President, and in spite of his refusals to say the smooth thing rather than the sincere thing, in spite of treachery plotted to punish him for his rugged honesty, he was elected. In spite of? Rather, because of.

He at once addressed himself to the public business, conducting it and counseling others to conduct it along lines of the simplest and homeliest canons of private, man-to-man morality, as distinguished from that morality of expediency which, with beady, shifting eyes, considers self before party and party before country. And to cap the climax of this ruinous policy of the single instead of the double moral standard, he created and forced an issue when by silence he might have been reëlected on the politicians' favorite issue—"Let well enough alone." He felt that the tariff must be reformed, that it had become a shelter for hoary abuses, for harpy trusts. He sent to the Congress the famous message of December, 1887. Was there any of the names which ring the changes on "stupid" that the politicians did not call him? After a campaign in which his objects were misrepresented, not only by the opposition but also by his own lukewarm or angry partisans, he was defeated. He retired to private life and "they" said he was ruined, done for.

As he sits there in his library chair, you know that he has never regretted a single act of his which helped his opponents without and within his party to defeat him.

There was another election—that of 1892. As it approached his "fatal" issue began to shape into a winning issue. All would be well if only he would be silent on the silver question. "True, we have stood for sound money and have fought free silver," said the politicians. "But we need silver votes and the other fellows are bidding for them. We must bid, too." At once, before his nomination, out came Cleveland with another "fatal" document—a letter denouncing free silver and taking an uncompromising stand for sound money. "Ruined! He has ruined himself!" said the Republican "practicals" gleefully. "Ruined! He has ruined us!" groaned the Democratic "practicals." But he was elected, and by an overwhelming majority.

The money issue, as it developed in his second term, is still too recent in history for unprejudiced discussion. But there are two undisputed facts: First, he forced the repeal of the silver purchase act which was hurrying the national finances to disaster. Second, opposed by a large part of his own party and unaided by the Republicans in control of the House, he fought the battle for the integrity of the gold reserve, and maintained the parity of our many kinds of lawful money.

His Remarkable Record of Initiative

There are two volumes issued by the public printer, and entitled The Messages and Public Papers of Grover Cleveland, which will repay the reading. In those pages is revealed a man who spoke out courageously and sensibly; a man who did not fear to veto corruption, however ably disguised; and, above all, a man who attended to the public business with a fidelity that no amount of detail could weary or make careless. To him, great and small were alike important because both came within his conception of the obligations of his official oath.

Further, this reading of dusty documents explains a certain very noble line of the head you have been studying—the line from the end of the nose along its bridge to the base of the brow, on upward to the top of the forehead in a true intellectual curve, still upward and backward, and finally gracefully downward to the base of the skull. The head that follows such a line is the head of an intellect.

Who first proposed the present-day plan for checking the combinations—publicity of their accounts? Mr. Cleveland, in a message to the New York Legislature away back in 1883. Who prevented the mistake of a canal along the Nicaragua route? Mr. Cleveland, by withdrawing the treaty in 1885 and insisting upon further investigation. Who first proposed a Federal board for the investigation and voluntary arbitration of great labor disputes? Mr. Cleveland, in a special message on April 22, 1886. Who first proposed the repeal of duties on articles of home manufacture sold more cheaply to foreigners than to home consumers? Mr. Cleveland, in the message of December, 1887. Who proposed the program for sound money which is now being carried out? Mr. Cleveland, in a series of messages, beginning with the very first message of his first term. And all that time the politicians of both parties were coquetting with free silver. Who founded our modern navy and laid down the accepted lines for its development? Mr. Cleveland, beginning in the first year of his first term.

Who saw the true direction of our trade expansion and pointed it out and made campaigns on it, when smaller men were crying, "What is abroad to us?" Who gave life and accurate meaning to the Monroe Doctrine and under its sanction saved Venezuela from stealthy despoliation? And last, but by no means least, who brought about the immutable establishment of the doctrine that the General Government has the right to protect itself—itself and its constitutional functions—against risk on every foot of American soil?

One of the favorite mottoes of Socrates, says Montaigne, was: "What a man can." The man before you in his library has illustrated that motto in every day of all the years of his public life. Mistakes? Of course, since he was human. Not a genius? That is for history to decide. Too opinionated, too obstinate, too self-centred? But he was right very often, and in a very large way; and where he was wrong he was never wrong through taking counsel of expediency or political rascality. And, though he did not neglect the public interests abroad, he gave his first thought to the peaceful, honest, sober development of his own countrymen in their own homes. He advocated and he lived the simple republican and democratic ideals of manhood, equal and free.

"What a man can."

The little people who have just discovered their country's greatness and are raising the hullabaloo of a Columbus have also discovered that we ought to "do something"—of course, something noisy. The few minutes in the library with this old-fashioned American, with his old-fashioned ideals of individual and national duty and honor, seem to you to make these little babblers about "glory" and guns and gore look very little people indeed. They do not contrast well with large and simple manliness.

Is it possible that Jefferson was right after all when he said: "The whole art of government consists in the art of being honest"? And as to the individual man, is it really still true that "an honest man is the noblest work of God"?

Above all, we are hearing a great deal about courage. There is a courage that almost all men have. Since man began his bloody work of slaying the members of his own tribe, how many millions, hundreds of millions, have gone bravely forth to battle? But how few have had that ungaudy courage which resists the insidious whispers of expediency and the terrifying threats of power, that courage which unhesitatingly puts all things to the touchstone not of ambition or appearances but of private conscience?

But do not keep Mr. Cleveland too long from his group on the porch and his spectacle of happy childhood dancing with the shadows of bough and leaf upon the lawn.

MISS BARKEY

by Frank H. Spearman

JUST where he came from, or how he got on the Glen Ellyn links, nobody exactly knew. Several of the caddies were away in July at the Braeburn Tournament, and in the interval—for there was heavy play by first year men while the cracks were East—in the interval, Miss Barkey somehow got a foothold as a Glen Ellyn caddie.

He was a quick-eyed chap, Barkey: quick to pick up the ropes at Glen Ellyn; quick to settle himself in the quarters; and slow to make room for anybody else. He was a shabby boy; his coat was a tatter; but the very first day he got his badge he hung his old jacket up on Hershie Mosher's hook in the caddie quarters and kept right on doing so every day afterward. Little Dutch, the cross-eyed caddie, who kept track of such things, told him to look pretty careful already out, else Hershie would lick him as he got back. But Barkey, though a lightweight himself, paid no attention whatever to little caddies and precious little to big ones. It appeared to Dutch like an open defiance and he could hardly wait for Hershie's return; for a week he nearly broke his eyes in two looking up the road around the maples for the big caddie to swagger into sight.

The first morning that Hershie appeared he came down late. There was Miss Barkey's rag hanging on his hook. Hershie looked at it and started. It was a most extraordinary liberty; and peeling off his own aristocratic blouse with a leisurely defiance Hershie walked over toward his hook, taking as he went two preliminary little spits, which always indicated that Hershie had reached a resolve and proposed to act upon it. Lifting the tattered coat from the hook with a driver, Hershie dropped it scornfully on the floor and hung up his own. Then he looked around.

Nobody was in quarters but Dutch. Little Dutch sat near the club rack polishing a cleek; and polishing just fast enough to keep one eye carefully on Hershie until the big fellow got all through his maneuvers and looked around. Then both Dutch's eyes were glued to the cleek.

"Who hung that rag-bag on my hook?" demanded Hershie with a sovereign air.

Dutch bore down hard on the emery paper.

"I didn't seen it," he replied diplomatically, still rubbing.

But as soon as Hershie stalked angrily out Dutch quit his rubbing and began "rubbering" with one eye while he sandpapered with the other, until Hershie disappeared over toward the first tee with Bob Maxwell's bag.

Pretty soon in came Barkey.

"Dutch, I got a mixed foursome on; gi'me a stick of gum." But Dutch was notoriously gumless; and having satisfied himself on that point Barkey turned to his coat. He saw another on his hook and his own on the floor. Dutch sandpapered very slowly.

Barkey picked up his jacket with a snort, glared at Dutch, who was looking out the window, and after a careful inventory of the holes in the garment produced two pieces of gum. Then he looked at the plaid-lined blouse which Hershie had brought from Braeburn, and to Dutch's consternation jerked it off the hook, threw it on the floor and hung up his own coat.

"Some one will get licked around here," said he to Dutch encouragingly as he turned on his heel; then he threw him a stick of gum and walked out.

The instant he was gone Dutch sprang up in a tremor of excitement. This was far and away the most startling situation which had ever come under his ken. What to do right

away quick—that was what Dutch was trying to figure out. He alone held the key to the situation. A fight was bound to come; to make sure of seeing it, that was the thing; to miss nothing sometimes, as Dutch would have said.

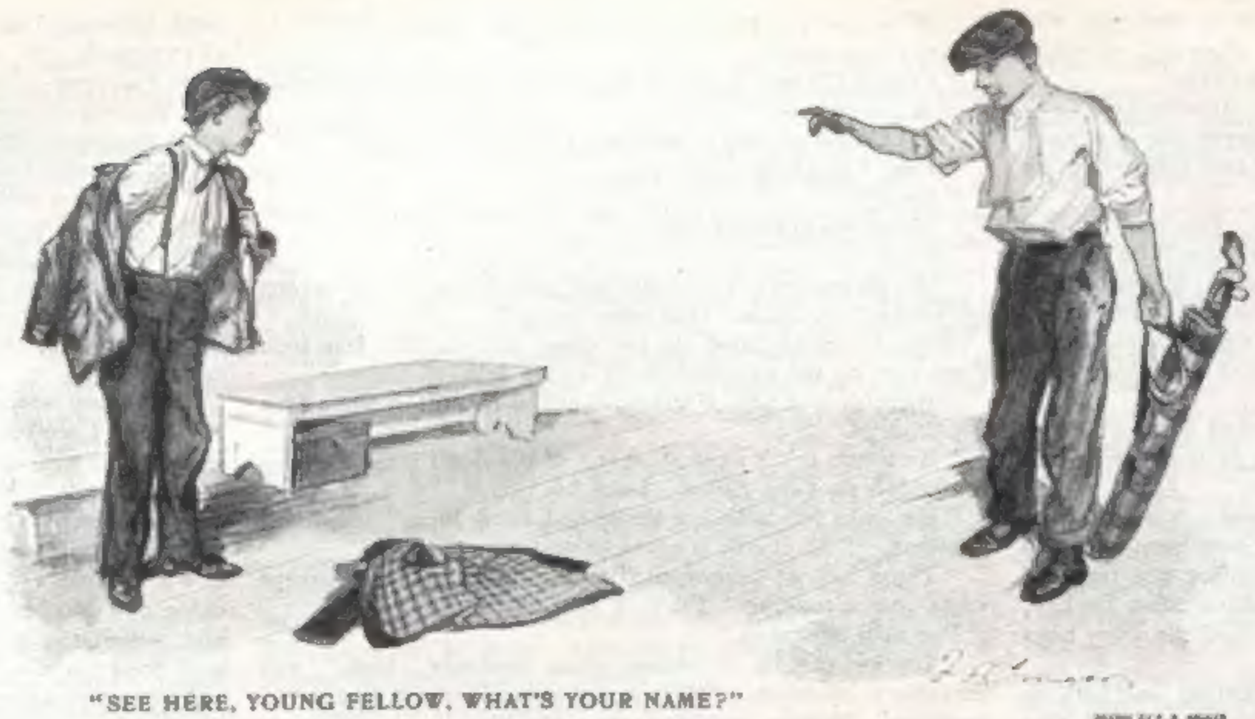
Clearly it needed only a meeting between Hershie Mosher and Miss Barkey to produce a cyclone; the anxiety was to be by when the clouds mixed.

After much rubbing and "rubbering," Dutch concluded to sit right there: and his judgment was correct.

He reasoned that they might meet fifty times, but that the fur would not fly until they met there and explanations were called for.

About noon in straggled Barkey. As he put away his clubs and turned to take down his coat, Hershie appeared in the doorway.

"See here, young fellow, what's your name?" he demanded, pointing a finger at Barkey.



"SEE HERE, YOUNG FELLOW, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?"

"What's yours?" asked Barkey, lazily putting on his coat.

"Did you throw that coat on the floor?" snapped Hershie.

"Did you hang that coat on my hook?" inquired Barkey lazily.

Hershie pointed sternly at his yellow and black lined blouse. "Pick up that coat," said he, eying Barkey.

Barkey eyed the blouse: Dutch's hair sat up straight; it was plain he would have a fit if something didn't happen right away off.

"Will you pick up that coat?" asked Hershie; and, as Dutch thought, clearly in the nature of an ultimatum.

"M' back's lame, m' frient," retorted Barkey, producing from another hole in the faithful garment on his back another stick of gum—which he put at once into the field.

But he had barely got the gum into his mouth before Hershie was on him. Dutch, being cross-eyed, had the advantage of being able to watch both fellows at once. The onslaught was vigorous; but the defense was likewise spirited, and in the confusion of heads and legs and arms Barkey could be seen doing business all the while. Although Dutch has been asked five hundred times who had the better of it when the caddie keeper entered, he has never been able to give a satisfactory answer. In fact, Bixby, who got there just as Mr. Murray seized each boy by the collar, asserts that little Dutch was breathing distinctly harder than anybody in the room.

Murray heard the dispute and administered the punishment on the spot. Hershie, for fighting, was suspended two days from the course; and Miss Barkey, for appropriating the hook, took a week's lay-off; after that he hung his coat up on the floor.

It was noticed afterward, though, that Barkey and Mosher exhibited a deference toward each other due to the uncertainty lingering in each mind as to which was really the better man.

Barkey took his sentence very hard indeed. Hershie's punishment was commuted to one day, and after three days of seeing poor Barkey sitting forlorn on the benches and his ragged jacket lying meekly on the floor Hershie spoke privately a word to Mr. Murray; at least, that is what the boys have always thought; anyway Barkey was given his badge next morning and bounded out of quarters with one of those handsprings in which you don't touch the ground with your hands at all. I suppose it would be called a foot-spring, wouldn't it? At any rate, it not only put him gracefully on his feet but gave him athletic standing among the caddies all summer.

The curious thing about Barkey was his popularity among the women players. That's how Bixby happened to dub him Miss Barkey. He carried for every one of the new women players, and in the minor events and the foursomes he was looked on as a kind of mascot.

Some jealousy was bound to arise; but nothing much came of it until Dan came out of the hospital where he had had the legs sawed out of his head, as Dutch explained it, and could walk better as never.

Dan had always rather controlled the business of the ladies up to the time of his leaving for the operation and with this branch of Dan's trade Miss Barkey seriously interfered. Nobody would accuse Dan of a trace of meanness. But when a boy comes in and crowds right into your peanut stand he is naturally an object of solicitous interest to you.

Barkey himself wasn't really mean, either. He simply took everything in sight—and did it magnificently. If he didn't want a thing, which didn't often happen, he was perfectly willing anybody else should have it, and said so. But Dutch, who pondered much behind his right eye, once observed that the only thing he ever had which Miss Barkey didn't want was the German measles.

Practically all the women wanted Barkey to carry, and Dan, who after the operation was as lively as a cricket and more ambitious than ever, was left in dejection on the benches to watch Dutch wind club heads. Dutch had the peculiarity of always keeping busy at something, but Dan's eyes, if disengaged, were intermittently roving up and down the course a mile or two away.

Finally Dan broke down and confided his trouble to Dutch: told him how Miss Barkey had completely ruined his business and protested he couldn't understand why everybody wanted Barkey. Dutch waited until he had wound his club and fastened his ends, then he made a suggestion.

"Vy didn' you go arount vit Miss Barkey 'n' vatch oud vunce how he do it?"

And Dan, pondering the hint, thought it good; determined to study his competitor's methods. The very next day an opportunity occurred in the first round of a woman's club tournament. Miss Barkey carried for Mrs. "Jimmie" Rockwood. She was paired with Madeleine Bryson and Dan was asked to caddie for Miss Madeleine, because, and only because, Miss Barkey was previously engaged.

When the round opened the two young ladies smashed away from the first tee to the turn, where Miss Bryson had two up; owing largely to Dan's feverish activity and his determination to make a showing against the great mascot.

Then came a run of ill luck. In spite of Miss Bryson's game, which was good, she began losing on accidents. In driving for the tenth she inadvertently struck Miss Barkey with her club and lost the hole. Mrs. Jimmie took the eleventh, and at the twelfth Miss Bryson lost her ball. Five minutes didn't prove enough to find it, although Dan, famous as a finder, strained his eyes looking. That cost her the hole; then she lost confidence; Mrs. Jimmie took a spurt and to save his life Dan couldn't pull his player up again. She lost the round and of course it put her out of the tournament. Dan was heartbroken; Miss Bryson didn't reproach him; indeed, she was very gracious; but he knew perfectly well she felt that Mrs. Rockwood had an advantage in the mascot.

Dan didn't sleep very hard that night. Next morning he was hunting early for little Dutch. When they met there was a long confab. They went together to the bulletin. Mrs. "Jimmie" Rockwood was to play Miss Armsby and Scotchie Hamilton was marked up to carry for the latter. After another whissy-whissy, Dan and his sawed-off adviser hustled back to the caddie quarters. When Scotchie arrived the two coaxed him off in a corner and whispered him hard. The result was that instead of Scotchie's going out that morning he got excused and put in Dan for substitute. As a collateral feature of the agreement Dutch stayed in quarters all morning and polished Arthur Logan's clubs—and the plot thickened.

Dan hastened to place and from the very drive-off he took Miss Armsby in hand with the solicitude of a father. Not a shot was made without elaborate precautions to have everything technically correct. Dan coached her to the turn all even, and set his teeth with the determination of pulling off the round. Twice he warned Miss Barkey, who seemed very accommodating—only very much in the way, when Miss Armsby played. Nursing every chance carefully, as he had seen Scotchie do at critical moments in a match, Dan got Miss Armsby to the sixteenth hole one up.

When Miss Armsby, being nervous over her extraordinary fortune, drove for the seventeenth she sliced into the long grass to the right. Dan kept one eagle eye on the wild ball and one on Miss Barkey as they all walked ahead after Mrs. Rockwood's like. Yet, in spite of Dan's vigilance, when he came up to where their ball should be he couldn't find it, scour as he would. A lump arose in his throat and an instinctive suspicion that Miss Barkey's fine hand was in the mystery. Barkey hunted as zealously for the ball as any one; in fact, he was the first after it; yet Dan felt he had "monkeyed," somehow, with that ball. It had been done so skilfully, if at all, that Dan even while watching for foul play had been outwitted; and he tore around in a panic at the bare thought of having been done again. Meantime the seconds were flying. If the ball were not found in five minutes the hole would be lost; both the young ladies had their watches out.

No caddie but Dan could have pulled out of the box; this was afterward generally conceded. His extraordinary eyes did the business. Trailing for the forty-ninth time through a marshy hollow Dan clapped his eyes on the missing ball pressed deftly into the soft mud by the heel of a boot. It was so neatly hidden, flush with the surface, that one might walk over it unknowingly a thousand times. Dan without a minute's hesitation laid his snare for the smooth deceiver. Never stooping and scarcely pausing, Dan with a gouge of his cleek pried the ball up into plain sight and walked right along; but he kept a stereopticon side-glance on Miss Barkey. The new caddie swung his mashie through the grass as he searched, whistling away as innocently as a robin—and four minutes were counted. Suddenly he started, so did Miss Barkey; so slightly that one wouldn't have noticed it. He saw the ball staring him in the face. With a delicate emphasis he slipped his heel over the sphere and sunk it flush into the soft mire again. Dan saw it all—and plainly. The ladies were at a little distance; but Dan was on him before he could lift his foot.

"Oh, ho, Miss Barkey," said Dan softly. Barkey turned like a flash. Dan was digging the ball out again with his cleek. "I'm on to your little game, Miss Barkey. Ball!" he yelled to Miss Armsby, holding it up. She screamed with delight. Barkey looked queer.

"What you talking about?" he demanded bluffly.

"Miss Barkey, I am on," repeated Dan. "I've caught you at it. I know now how you win your games—you cheat."

There was no chance to resent the accusation; the players were up. Barkey flew around in all sorts of excitement, but Miss Armsby held her lead and won out by one up. When the congratulations began to come in from her friends she said publicly that most of the credit belonged to her vigilant caddie. She was too good a player not to give Dan his due.

"What do you mean, young fellow, by saying I cheated?" demanded Barkey, overhauling Dan as the latter posted hotly for the caddie quarters.

"BALL!" HE YELLED

Dan looked at him squarely. "You've a heap of cheek to ask me what I mean. I saw you step on the ball after I'd pried it out once. You got in Miss Bryson's way yesterday to make her lose the tenth. Yes, you did."

"Say, look here. I heard they sawed a piece out of your head; but they didn't get the wheels out, not by a whole lot. Don't you ever talk about my cheating or I'll take another reef in your skull. See?"

"You'd better try it now," retorted Dan, stopping short. "I'm going to put every boy in the quarters on to you."

"If you tell any stuff about me I'll thrash you."

"Come here, Dutch," cried Dan to Billy Bowlegs, who stood in the quarters' door. Dutch, chewing on Miss Barkey's gum, ambled non-committally forward.

"What do you think, Dutch? I caught Miss Barkey ——"

That was as far as Dan got. Miss Barkey at the next word caught him very firmly on the loose ribs; Dan had to fight for his life.

Not a word or a cry broke the action. Dan was fighting like a scared collie, but little Dutch made sure Miss Barkey would kill him before help came. With his eyes half blinded, Dutch saw Miss Barkey climb on top of his friend to administer the finishing blows. In desperation, Dutch jumped in, seized the cruel victor's leg and wrenching at it shouted frantically.

"Let go my leg, will you, Dutch?" cried Dan, who was in imminent danger of being dragged out of the seat he had so stoutly won. "What you trying to do?"

Unable to credit his senses, Dutch looked again. It positively was Dan on top, and Dan's leg he had been trying to dislocate. In fact, Dan was already dictating the terms of capitulation to the astonished and mortified Miss Barkey, when up ran the caddie master and scattered the busy boys like firebrands.

"What do you mean, you rascals—fighting out here on the lawn? I've a mind to send all three of you packing, this minute," exclaimed the incensed keeper. "What are you fighting about? Are you going to answer or go?" he demanded sharply.

It was awkward; for they all knew that the minute Mr. Murray heard of cheating the offender would be expelled.

"Answer me, Dan; or else give me your badge right off."

Dan went white, but his mouth held firm and he tremblingly unpinned his badge and passed it up; only he looked pretty hard at Miss Barkey.

"Barkey, this is the second time," continued the keeper, turning on the real culprit.

"I didn't think he was a-goin' to fight, sir," protested Barkey, which, indeed, was the truth. Dan was such a mild-mannered chap.

"I noticed you held him pretty carefully on top," said Murray; he was secretly pleased at Dan's good account of his newly trained muscles. "Get away from here now, both of you. Give me your badge, Barkey. You won't go out till I hear the rest of this."

Dan and Miss Barkey started off toward quarters chop-fallen. Dutch's legs sprung like whalebones in his effort to walk dignified-like behind them. Barkey appeared to be struggling with something as he slouched along.

"What are you going to do now, Dan?" asked Barkey in a tone of surrender.

"I think I'll tell Scotchie Hamilton and Hershie Mosher—and Dutch——"

"Vat?" asked Dutch, ambling a little closer.

"I say I'm going to tell you."

"Vat?"

"About Barkey cheating."

"Vat?"

"Oh, go on and get Hershie and Scotchie and stop asking questions," exclaimed Dan impatiently.

When Dutch rounded up the other two caddies Dan took them over by the gymnasium for a long talk.

"What do you say, Hershie?" asked Hamilton when Dan got through.

"Kick him out," said Mosher. "We don't want a cheating caddie on Glen Ellyn. I say fire him."

"He looks like a fellow that's had hard luck," suggested Scotchie. "Maybe he'd agree to quit."

"Those fellows never quit," maintained Hershie, "except when you're looking. I'd kick him out."

Dan still hesitated.

"You've caught it worse than anybody, Dan," was Scotchie's comment. "If you say so we'll report him in the morning. Murray wouldn't ever let him in the grounds again. Sleep over it, Dan. To-morrow's time enough, anyhow."

Barkey looked hard at the boys when they came back, but he said nothing and they offered nothing. He just took his ragged jacket on his arm, pulled his frowsy cap over his eyes, one of which bore Dan's trade-mark, and started off without a word to anybody but Dutch.

"Dutch," said Barkey, "lend me a nickel car-fare, will you? I'll buy y' a chocolate sundog to-morrow if y' will."

Dutch always had five cents; no pennies, but always five cents. It was pretty good interest, yet he hesitated.

"I lost every cent in the grass out there," urged Barkey; then he waited silently.

The little fellow finally put his hand in his pocket and produced a very slow nickel.

"Thank y', Dutch," said Miss Barkey, and he started for the trolley. The car hummed down the road and stopped at the gate below. Dutch, having capital invested, watched carefully; but to his astonishment Barkey let the car go by and trudged along in the dust toward Fairview behind it. And the little philosopher was greatly puzzled to determine just what manner of boy Miss Barkey really was to borrow a trolley ride and then walk home after a hot day's work. The next morning Dutch, who always got to the grounds ahead of everybody else, saw Miss Barkey coming down the road from Fairview—walking again.

"Vat you dit mit my nickel, Parkey?" asked Dutch with some anxiety as the new caddie reached the quarters looking fagged. Barkey started.

"I seen you valkin' home las' night."

"I tell y', Dutch, I took it for supper. I lost twenty cents yesterday in the fightin'."

"Don't you are liffin' by your own folks?"

"Ain't got any own folks, Dutch. I'm boardin'. I cut th' grass for a man in Fairview, 'n' he leaves me sleep down cellar."

"Vere you been a-eatin'?"

"Me? I ain't been a-eatin' this mornin' yet. What they going to do with me, Dutch—did you hear?"

Dutch hadn't heard; in fact, nobody else had arrived. Dan was the next to appear and little Dutch took him in tow before he got past the gymnasium. Barkey saw them sit down outside on the grass; watched them until Scotchie came and Mosher came: then the four squatted in a circle and pulled the grass and chewed it and pounded the turf with their clubs—in a word, went through all the motions of a deliberative assembly. Barkey knew they were sitting on his case.

There was no end of a powwow, and when at last Scotchie jumped up Barkey's heart jumped with him. Then Mosher jumped up and the two started toward Miss Barkey in quarters; his heart was dancing a hornpipe now right in his windpipe.

"Look here, Barkey," called Mosher. "You've been cheating, haven't you? They asked me what I'd do and I said I'd kick you out, and you bet I would. That's right. But Scotchie said he didn't want to report you; and Dan said he didn't want to; and Dutch said he didn't want to—and I—well, it ain't really my business, either. Maybe if you'd take a brace and quit your meanness there mightn't be any more said about it—but you've got to play straight, Barkey—and they're all going to watch you now. If you behave yourself the boys wouldn't mind helping you out on a feed if you didn't get a card every day. I guess I can square it with Mr. Murray."

Barkey couldn't hear any more for the buzzing in his ears. He chased around behind the locker to hang his coat up, and he stayed there a minute longer than usual; but when he came out he was a heap cleaner, decenter fellow, so all the boys said; and they have watched him pretty closely ever since.

The Plunger

A Character Study of John W. Gates

By Forrest Crissey

TEMPERAMENTALLY, and by training, John W. Gates is a Methodist. He may have departed from the faith in many particulars, but the fire and unction characteristic of the true follower of Wesley and Whitefield are in his blood. Aroused to interest in a discussion, his arms at once go into the air and he gesticulates like a Methodist Circuit Rider in full swing. There is scarcely an habitué of Wall Street who has not watched him leading a string of associates, newspaper men and "trailers" toward Delmonico's down-town place, both hands shooting spasmodically into the air, like an old-time revivalist, expounding that particular doctrine of trade into which, for the moment, the whole energy of his being is focused.

"There was one thing," Mr. Gates once told an acquaintance, "that I had ground into me when I was a boy, and that was: *Make up your mind what you want and then go after it*, AND KEEP AFTER IT UNTIL YOU GET IT. More than all other things I learned in childhood, this has stuck to me—and it has paid dividends, too."

To this observation an old neighbor, who knew him as a boy back in the old Gary's Mills District of Du Page County, Illinois, added the shrewd but facetious comment:

"I guess he learned that watchin' 'em labor with backward sinners at camp-meetin'. You see he was brought up a'most under the shadow of the anxious seat and it taught him a heap about human nature!"

As nothing is better illustrative of the manner in which Mr. Gates pursues any object he has made up his mind to attain than the story of his first, and probably his most important, venture, let it be told as I once heard it from his own lips when he was in a genial and reminiscent humor.

His parents were farmers in humble circumstances fighting for a competency, and the boy was quick to see that he had his own way to make, and that whatever money he was to spend or to save must come by his own wit and work. Instantly his determination was aroused and he took the first step toward his place in the world. He engaged himself to husk a neighbor's corn; and the pay which this work brought

MR. JOHN W. GATES

him was larger in his eyes than any salary check he has since drawn as the executive head of a great corporation.

At the end of two or three husking seasons he had acquired his first capital, and the trading impulse began to stir within him for an investment. The visit of the local threshing machine to his father's farm gave him a suggestion.

"What'll you take for an interest in this outfit, Mr. Updike?" he asked of the proprietor, who was at first too astonished at the boy's question to make a serious reply. But the lad persisted until they made terms which gave him a third interest in the outfit. There is a rural tradition that no threshing-machine owner ever escaped hopeless poverty; but certainly there is one notable exception to the rule, for in the course of a few months the boy bought out his two partners and became the sole owner of a business from which he saved about fifty dollars a season.

The threshing business, however, brought something more than a snug profit. One of the associates in this enterprise was employed, when not traveling with the machine, by a farmer who had a daughter. In the course of his calls to consult with the hired hand, young Gates became acquainted with the daughter of his partner's employer. At once he determined upon another partnership!

One after another he overcame the obstacles which stood in his way until the only one remaining was the lack of sufficient ready money with which to set up a home and begin married life. But this deficiency only acted as a spur.

He refused to allow the fact that all his available funds were tied up in his threshing-machine business to discourage him in his new venture. There must be a way, he reasoned, to get the money for a start in home life without waiting on the slow process of earning. Instinct told him that his wits would do more for him than his hands, and he began to look about impatiently for a trade that would bring larger and quicker returns than the threshing machine.

His eye fell upon a neighbor's wood lot and instantly he turned "timber-looker," reconnoitered the woods until thoroughly familiar with the density of the growth and the average size of the trees. Then he sat down on a stump and made an estimate of the number of cords of stovewood it would cut and the amount of money the total yield would bring at the prevailing market price. Meeting the owner of the wood lot at the village he made incidental reference to the timber, and tendered a low price for it. His offer was accepted and he was given credit on the first acre.

Next he hired an experienced chopper, but did his own hauling. Each morning, the winter through, he was up before daylight and had a load delivered at Geneva in the forenoon and another at Wheaton in the afternoon. From the proceeds of the first acre of timber he paid for the cutting of two acres, and the entire venture yielded him a net profit of more than a thousand dollars.

When this first important deal was closed he was only eighteen years of age, but he promptly married and took up the serious responsibilities of life, opening a little hardware store in the neighboring railroad town of Turner Junction.

That his time at the junction town was not misspent is suggested by an incident which occurred when the recent corn corner commanded the attention of the public.

"Great financier—that man Gates," remarked a farmer to the grizzled passenger conductor who took his ticket on a Northwestern train.

"Yep," responded the conductor, "but he's had the greatest training in the world. Any young chap that could get a liberal education in the Great American Game at the hands of the old-time freight crews that used to lay over at Turner, when John Gates took the Waycar Night Course, and at the same time could *keep* a store—why, that fellow was foreordained to skin Wall Street to a finish! And I'll leave it to any man who ever looked at a jackpot by the light of a brakeman's lantern!"

"What," I once asked Mr. Gates, "has given you the greatest satisfaction of all the things you have accomplished?"

Unhesitatingly he replied: "The formation of the greater American Steel and Wire Company, the New Jersey Corporation with $90,000,000 capital of common and preferred. That organization was my pet—perhaps because I couldn't land it until the third time trying. I had that deal all framed up as far back as the eighties. But in '89, just as I was ready to put it through, the Barings failed in England and the whole financial world went sick and shaky. Then I waited for a return of good conditions. Once more I was ready to carry out my plans when the explosion of the Maine put a period to all important financial operations. But in 1899 my opportunity came again and the consolidation was effected."

Mr. Gates' story of how this great organization—which became the corner-stone of the Billion-Dollar Steel Trust—was brought about unconsciously discloses the traits of character and method which have won him his picturesque prominence.

"From the day I started out with Colonel Ellwood to make the circuit of the plants and get them into a combination until the new organization was complete covered a period of just two months. In that time I spent less than three hours of each twenty-four in sleep—not because I had to learn what each man or company had to sell, for I knew in detail almost every plant we wanted—but because of the difficulties of negotiation. Occasionally it was necessary to do without sleep for an entire day. We did that when the Pittsburg plant was bought, working without a break from eight o'clock one morning until five o'clock the next, and then making the jump to Cleveland.

"Some of the biggest plants refused to give an option. We wanted them and so it became a case of buying outright—and before we had the remainder of the combination completed. We paid a million or so down and got time on the balance. When any point arose on which consultation was necessary and Colonel Ellwood was asleep I'd wake him up, and he'd either say 'Go ahead,' or we'd fight it out right there on the edge of his bed.

"After the skirmishing was done we went on to New York and I took personal charge of the underwriting. The American Steel and Wire was subscribed five times over. We had paid out eight million dollars in cash to tie up the plants in the consolidation, and it was a satisfaction to see the thing financed so quickly. Three lawyers and a force of stenographers worked with me at the Waldorf, and I kept to a twenty-hour day until the end was reached. And still it is often charged that I live without work!"

Naturally Mr. Gates is a believer in nerve. And he practices what he preaches on this score. On the historic ninth of May, when Wall Street was in a panic of terror, the daring Westerner said to one of Mr. Morgan's partners:

"Bob, this is the time to buy."

"Do it," came the quick response, "and you can have all the money you can use."

The results of his buying that day have passed into Wall Street history.

Here are some of Mr. Gates' views on the strenuous life of the great speculative game:

"I never go into a deal that involves a fight without being satisfied that I've got the 'under-holt,' the soundest wind and a new twist or two for an emergency. No man has any business to play any game when he can't pay if he loses. Of course he's going to make some mistakes. But the man who doesn't make mistakes doesn't make successes. All I ask is to be on the right side fifty-one per cent. of the time."

Although he once laughingly confessed to having traded horses ten times in one day, while he was running a threshing machine in Illinois, Mr. Gates apparently resents the popular impression that he is an insatiable trader. A few days since he declared:

"People seem to think I'm always at a trade and can't be happy unless I've got a deal on. The fact is that to-day I haven't a share of stock in the world that isn't fully paid up, and I go and look over the blackboard day after day and don't trade a dollar's worth."

In the estimation of Mr. Gates the three greatest men in America to-day are Thomas Reed, J. Pierpont Morgan and Charles M. Schwab: politician, financier and manufacturer.

"Tom Reed," he affirms, "is the big man of American politics. He made the House of Representatives into a back-town district school and there wasn't a man in it with nerve enough to attempt to put him out. He was master there. In finance Mr. Morgan is the greatest figure this country has. His grasp on things is wonderful, and he has surrounded himself with young men of brains and nerve.

"Some people think he is going on with his great enterprises because he wants more money. They don't see that it is because he can't do otherwise. He is in and he can't get out without disaster to the big interests in his control and to the men who have become associated with him. That's what keeps all of us going after we've passed a point where there's nothing we want that we can't buy. We go into things because we're urged to by associates and friends. One step with them calls for another, and so on until we're in all over. And then the man who has a bent for trade, for organization, for doing things, can't keep out, anyway. Just as long as the game's going he wants to sit in and take a hand."

The presidency of the Illinois Steel Company was evidently the first position which really satisfied the capacity of the future magnate. Immediately after he had taken up the duties of this office, in 1895, an old-time friend called and found him at his desk, his coat and vest off and his suspenders flapping about his hips. Looking up from the mass of papers before him Mr. Gates exclaimed:

"Man's job!—Man's job at last!"

Only a few years before he had been a traveling salesman in the employ of Isaac Ellwood, a pioneer manufacturer of barbed wire. Then he began to manufacture his own wire in a comparatively small way. This plunged him into patent litigation with Colonel Ellwood, who, after years of fierce contentions in the courts, decided that it would be "cheaper to take Gates into partnership than to fight him."

A natural alliance, offensive and defensive, against the whole speculative world exists between John W. Gates, Colonel Isaac M. Ellwood, Colonel John Lambert and John A. Drake. No matter how bitter the inward dissensions which disturb this group, the master mind of the "Gates crowd" is always able to command the united support of these men, who are, by ability and disposition, peculiarly fitted to carry out his schemes.

Mr. Gates makes no concealment of his love for every variety of sport and is an expert with both rifle and shotgun. He is a skillful "skimmer" of the current literature of the day, and especially of all magazines and periodicals relating to the trend of political, financial and industrial movements. He is now forty-seven years of age and possessed of a prodigious energy which, governed by his genius for organization and his intuitive judgment of values, promises in the future even more sensational achievements than he has yet attained.

Society Out West

By Charles Macomb Flandrau

The Second Act in the Comedy of American Social Development. A Diverting Transition

THE larger Western communities of the country are playing the long second act in the comedy of their social development. While it lacks both the picturesqueness of the first act and the technique of the last, it is vastly more interesting—as second acts are likely to be—than either. The exposition has been made, the ending is uncertain; what happens between is pure comedy of manners.

St. Paul is an excellent example of a town that constantly suggests its rapid growth, its detachment and the diverse character of its inhabitants. In the month of August just thirty-nine years ago the prairie trails to St. Paul were dotted with wagon-loads of terrified women and children flying from the horrors of an Indian massacre; St. Paul itself was anxiously discussing the probability of an attack. To-day, women and children frequent these trails in victorias and runabouts—on their way to putting-matches on the well-kept greens of the Country Club. Only thirty-four years ago the American Fur Company's "Red River Carts"—made entirely of wood and rawhide, drawn by oxen and driven by gayly costumed Chippewa half-breeds—still came to St. Paul in long, slow, fur-laden processions, and returned to the far North with supplies. In winter the melancholy creak of their gigantic wheels gave way to the yelping of dog-trains. Thirty-four years, historically speaking, are as nothing; yet St. Paul's present automobile-scorching generation has never heard of a Red River cart, and it no doubt thinks of a dog-train only as something one eventually eats when endeavoring to discover the North Pole.

St. Paul is no longer a pioneer village; it is an important city. It is known among other things as a "railway centre"; and it has high office buildings with express elevators and revolving doors, a network of electric car-lines, two theatres, a million-dollar court-house, at least three streets in which the shop windows are civilized, four large hotels, and innumerable apartment houses that are called—in the quaint republican fashion—after the British aristocracy. But it is only in so far as the town's gratifying commercial prosperity concerns its social life that it need here be mentioned. For, although Mr. Kipling somewhere says that the most interesting story in the world is how the next man gets his living—to some of us, even more entertaining is the manner in which he spends it.

Commercial welfare in both St. Paul and its neighbor, Minneapolis, has, in an incredibly short time, begotten the indefinable existence known as "Society." At the last analysis neither community considers the other's society quite as enlightened as its own, but it is safe (I use the word literally) to say that they are much alike and equally agreeable. Society in these two bustling towns is in an interesting state of transition. It is no longer the circumscribed, microscopic affair of the village. Yet it is not the large, impersonal—the almost automatic—performance of the city. It partakes in a contradictory and sometimes surprising fashion of the nature of both.

In origin and pursuits the early inhabitants of St. Paul were singularly catholic. They came not only from nearly every State in the Union, but from Great Britain, France, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries as well; and their reasons for coming ranged from a vague belief in the advisability of "growing up" with a new country to the more specific if less attainable objects of converting Indians and of retrieving health. To its pioneer invalids St. Paul's social indebtedness has always been great. Many charming families who were infinitely more comfortable at home connected themselves with the place and ended by living there with the relative who found the dry, bracing air of Minnesota beneficial. The military, too, was a distinctly civilizing influence in the town's early life.

There has always been an invigorating variety in the men and women who have become prominent in the life of St. Paul—a startling contrast of personal tradition that has kept the place singularly open-minded and progressive. But by reason of the diverse elements of which society in Minnesota's capital has always been composed, it has progressed along curiously individual lines. From the first almost St. Paul has had among its inhabitants persons of cultivation, persons of good birth and persons of wealth, but at no time have persons possessing one or all of these attributes been sufficiently numerous to become a consequential order of their own. Society there has the interesting vitality of something that has not yet received its final form. Although no longer "in the rough," it is still, so to speak, "in the clay."

The isolation of the town has been a significant factor in its development. St. Paul is far from the country's oldest and greatest cities, and in its way—a very little way, to be sure—it is a metropolis. One cannot for a moment consider it in the same colorless, reflected light in which one considers, say, Worcester, Massachusetts. It impresses one always as working out its social destiny, rather than annexing it ready made. The method of its activities is, of course, influenced by communities older and more important than itself, but in a fashion strangely uneven and inconsistent.

The First Recorded Appearance of the Chaperon

The present status of the chaperon in St. Paul offers a suggestive example of the manner in which certain social usages develop when transplanted to Northwestern soil. The first recorded appearance of the chaperon in Minnesota was in the year 1873, when a Southern lady who had spent some time in Europe gave the youths of her acquaintance to understand that her daughters accepted no invitations that did not include their mother. Those of St. Paul who had never heard of a chaperon were naturally both surprised and somewhat indignant at this warning; those who had tactfully left their chaperons behind them and adapted themselves to existing conditions were thoroughly amused. The innovation, it is scarcely necessary to add, was a tragic failure. The four girls whom it most concerned were extremely attractive, but they never became popular; they were sacrificed upon the altar of a premature god. Into the awful shadow of the maternal wing but one acquisitive man ever penetrated.

That, of course, was long ago. To-day in St. Paul one hears much of the chaperon. She is a flourishing and delightful institution—peculiarly delightful, for she has been revised, adapted, expurgated to suit the local requirements. One comes across her constantly, but only when her ministrations are not by any chance needed. Without a chaperon, for instance, a party of men and girls in St. Paul would not under any circumstances go to the theatre and sit in a box. Such a proceeding is quite unheard of. But any one of the girls may go unchaperoned to the theatre with any one of the men and sit anywhere else she pleases.

In places where chaperons really obtain, one is inclined to regard them as polite survivals of a practice that, in times of inferior discretion, was essential to the unshattered hearth. Although usually present, their duties, after generations of ferocity, seem to be merely nominal; and one feels somehow that they will not at last be even this. But in St. Paul the scarce opened bud of the chaperon idea exactly corresponds with what in societies more antique will no doubt eventually be the blown artificial flower. The chaperon is one of many social usages whose evolution in the Northwest has begun, so to speak, from the other end. Afternoon tea is another.

Eight years ago few drawing-rooms in St. Paul were complete without an array of little cups on a fragile table. But the idea of serving tea in them suggested itself only in isolated instances. These exceptions were even more worthy of remark than the general rule that made obligatory an exhibition of hand-painted china, for the ladies who went the complete length, and actually drank tea and ate cakes in the afternoon, dined at six or, at the latest, half-past. Tea with them was not a necessary life-preserver between luncheon and a late dinner; it was simply an appetite-destroying fashion they adopted quite as they might have adopted new and uncomfortable fashions in sleeves or collars. At the end of a year or two most of the little cups and tables disappeared. Recently they have come back again. For, now, "tea" in St. Paul is having its legitimate excuse: girls play golf and become hungry; men occasionally make calls in the late afternoon (until recent years men who made calls by daylight were either eccentric or senile); and the hour of dinner has receded.

The Mythical Butlers and Porters

It is by this inverted method that most of civilization's little frills attach themselves in the Northwest. The symbol comes first; the reality makes its appearance later. The kernel grows around the husk. Thus, one may see in this part of the country a mansion with a "porter's lodge" within whose walls it has as yet occurred to no one to lodge a porter. Every modern house of any size in St. Paul possesses a room that is constantly referred to as the "butler's pantry," but the butler's pantry is invariably presided over by a disheveled female cook. It would be unfair to dwell on these trivialities, for next year—next month—next week—one never knows—the lodge-keeper will without doubt take possession of his lodge; the butler will install himself in the pantry. What is true of the West to-day is a dim, half-forgotten tradition to-morrow. And besides—even to-day the impression the inhabitants themselves of St. Paul and Minneapolis give one is not that of provinciality.

A writer who came to St. Paul not long ago, for the amiable purpose of lampooning Northwestern society in a story he was writing, confessed to me that he had been obliged to abandon his intention.

"You people are well worth doing," he assured me, "but you're not what I expected and wanted; I thought you would be funny, but instead of that you're merely interesting." From the first his experiences discouraged him. "I went to a cotillon, thinking that I should get a chapter at least from the girl I danced with," he humorously complained, "but when I began to ask her discreet questions she answered with hesitation, and finally excused the vagueness of her replies by the fact that although she lived in St. Paul she had been to school in New York for seven years, had spent most of her vacations abroad and knew as yet little about dances in America, as it was very early in the winter and she had 'come out' the year before in Rome."

The girl he had supper with, he went on to tell me, had given him a delightful description of the afternoon on which she had sung parts of Lohengrin for Frau Wagner at Baireuth. At a table near him two girls—who scarcely knew each other and who had been much amused on discovering that their gowns to the smallest detail were exactly alike—plotted vengeance against the perfidious creature who, in Vienna that autumn, had played them false. Another girl on handing him a favor had said: "I've heard so much about you from your sister; we were at the same convent in Paris for three years." Still another had invited him to tea at the Country Club, where on the following afternoon she had an engagement to give the heir to the Belgian throne a lesson in golf.

"They were beautifully dressed and really charming," the disappointed critic said to me; "the cotillon favors were extremely pretty and the music was excellent; all of which struck me as strange—inexplicable. For the dance was given in a bare, crude, badly-lighted, hideous Masonic hall of some sort, and the supper was not only of the most primitive description—it was atrocious of its kind. The state of your society is too complicated for me. I tried to write about it, but I found myself explaining rather than describing it."

"Dancing in the Barn" in Earnest

This sketchy impression of an evening party in St. Paul was more characteristic than the person who received it perhaps knew. At the dances, for instance, of the St. Paul German Club—an organization that has been giving four or five cotillons every winter for the last thirty years—the contrast between the dancers and the conditions under which they enjoy themselves is just as striking as the stranger seemed to find it. The men at these affairs leave one with just the impression of immaculate mediocrity that is convincing of a young male's fitness for society anywhere; the girls have all the complicated charm that, in America, young women of even a limited worldly experience so readily acquire. So far as the participants are concerned the dances are not distinctive.

It is markworthy, however, that the backgrounds against which these thoroughly civilized young persons disport themselves are almost grotesque. St. Paul is not in the least dependent for its pleasure on harmonious environment. The dance is the thing. By way of accessories, a smooth floor and an energetic band are all that is demanded. The incongruity as a spectacle, of the larger dances, has not as yet impressed itself sufficiently to inspire a setting that resembles even vaguely a ballroom. Ladies there are still satisfied to trail their costly draperies in haunts suitable only for the initiation of Odd Fellows—to display their filmy best in cheerless barns whose sole adornments are weirdly emblematic furniture and grewsome marble tablets undisguisably memorial to dead Elks.

One feels that this fact is valuable in helping to mark just the point that, as an institution, society in St. Paul has reached. It is still too distinctly personal to crave a more elaborate *mise en scène*. In the matter of dances, for instance, it too thoroughly enjoys itself and what it does to remark—except humorously now and then—its æsthetic negligence. The people who give large evening parties in St. Paul have, as a rule, both money and taste; but, beyond concealing their orchestras behind the proverbial palms, they do nothing to make the dreary public halls pleasing to the eye, because as yet the spirits of their guests are delightfully able to rise superior to unbecoming lights and cold, dull walls.

Edible suppers are not provided because the general enjoyment is not at all conditioned by edible suppers. It is safe to assume that the men who assist at these entertainments would not choose to slake their thirst on very sweet, partly frozen Apollinaris-lemonade. But the hour for scorning this melancholy beverage has not as yet struck. In the enthusiasm of the moment it is cheerfully taken for granted. There is in St. Paul no type of "dancing man" who in the least corresponds to the three youths I once saw gravely tear up their acceptances to a dance in Boston on learning that there would be no champagne. The charming women and agreeable men one constantly meets in the Northwest strike one as individually experienced but collectively unpampered.

The Dancing Man's Dead Line

Neither St. Paul nor Minneapolis is old enough, or rich enough, or big enough to possess even a small number of persons who make of the pursuit of pleasure an occupation; and, in consequence, the essential traits of society in these places are spontaneity and youth. During the winter there are, of course, many dances and dinners. In St. Paul the German Club (an organization of young men) gives four cotillons; the Assembly—a club of young married people—gives two; every girl on "coming out" is given at least one dance by her family, and of late years she has formed a party-giving association of her own, known as "The Débutante Club." But as yet most of these festivities are in the nature of "occasions" rather than incidents of an inevitable routine, and, with the exception of the ladies who receive, they include as a rule only the young.

The founders of the pioneer capital were too occupied in subduing Nature and evolving governments to acquire the habit of dinner-dances and "teas," and as no able-bodied men in the Northwest are unemployed even the second generation was inclined after marriage to become absorbed in business and domesticity. In the matter of ladies and afternoon receptions, there is, of course, no age-limit. But evening parties—especially when there is dancing—at which both mothers and daughters, fathers and sons, may enjoy themselves, are rare. In the Northwest society is conspicuously and somewhat monotonously youthful.

With the growth of the Country Club idea, however, a greater commingling of all ages seems probable. The beautifully situated Country Clubs of both St. Paul and Minneapolis are pleasant objective points for an afternoon drive. Tea on the lawn and dinner on the piazza have become in the last few years popular institutions, with the young and old alike, and will go far, one hopes, in preserving for persons who no longer actually dance a keener interest in the more frivolous activities. The Yacht Club at White Bear Lake and the new Ice Yacht Club at Minnetonka—another of the ten thousand sheets of water with which Minnesota is picturesquely dowered—are also important factors in the life of the two towns. On a bright, breezy summer afternoon there are few spots more attractive than the club piazzas, unless, perhaps, it be on one of the neat sloops on the water below.

These two lakes have for many years been essential to the summer life of both St. Paul and Minneapolis. In the beginning, a summer "at the Lake" was in the nature of a prolonged picnic. The houses were few and small; the trains infrequent. Communication with the butcher and the baker was difficult and uncertain; servants had to be bribed to stay. One was about as near Nature at White Bear and Minnetonka as it is possible to get. That, of course, was long ago. The growing towns were quick to appreciate the attractions of these localities and they have been "improved" past recognition. They have, in fact, become fashionable suburbs. With the first hot weather there is a great migration from town to the houses by the Lake that nowadays are "cottages" only in name. The sailing and swimming at these places are excellent, and even the fishing is not bad. The wooded shores are a paradise for children, who learn to swim and to manage boats almost before they can walk.

White Bear and Minnetonka offered an extraordinary opportunity for genuine country life within easy distance of the city; but this has been as much as possible ignored. Although at first land was plentiful, the national horror of privacy has caused the houses to be built chiefly, it would seem, with a view to every one's enjoying an unimpeded prospect of his neighbor's kitchen.

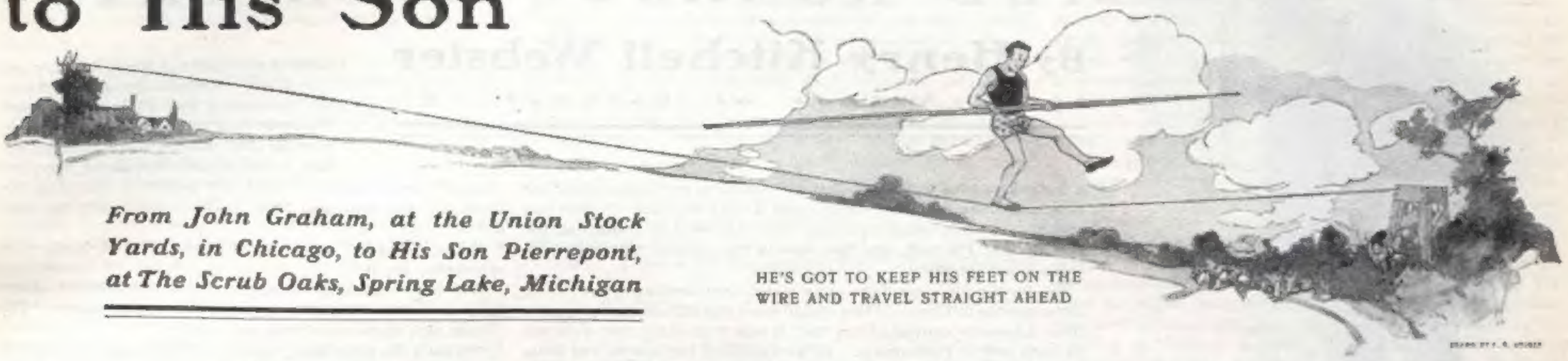
Out West the Visitor is Always Welcome

But this, after all, is characteristic of Northwestern people. There is but little tendency among them to surround themselves with barriers of any kind; lonely grandeur would be intolerable to them. They are, as a rule, genial and easy of access. Of a stranger they are inclined to ask—with a breadth and humanity positively inspiring—merely that he be interesting to them. Indeed, they do not always require even this. For "Western hospitality" is no myth. Boresome visitors, who probably would not be tolerated in more selfish communities, often think on coming to Minnesota that an unappreciative world has at last awakened to their charm.

To the newly arrived, courtesies of many kinds are a matter of course. There is none of the "Bill, 'ere's a stranger; let's 'eave a brick at 'im" spirit in the Northwest. An incorruptible sentiment of hospitality, in fact, leads people to the other extreme. There is something rather exquisite in the West's assumption that a man is a gentleman and a woman a lady until they do something—as now and then happens—that shows they are not. Unless it be by the warmth of his welcome, the visiting man is never made to feel that he is an "outsider"; and the visiting girl, until she is able to look out for herself, is in a pretty manner part of the general responsibility. The visiting girl has, in St. Paul and Minneapolis, the "time of her life."

There are doubtless many reasons for this singular graciousness and willingness to please. But the chief one, I think, is that Northwestern society, as such, does not as yet take itself too seriously. There is little of the invariable quantity about it. It shifts and changes with astonishing rapidity. People arrive from Heaven knows where, stay for a time and then—"drop out." They are welcomed cordially when they come, but their departure is of little importance. Society does not consider that in having admitted them it has in any way committed itself. To that extent its self-sufficiency has scarcely crystallized. Not, however, that it is unconscious of its definite and delightful existence. St. Paul society, for instance, has arrived at the point at which it annually wonders whether or not it will go to the Charity Ball; but it has not yet reached the point at which it stays away.

Letters from a Self-Made Merchant to His Son



HE'S GOT TO KEEP HIS FEET ON THE WIRE AND TRAVEL STRAIGHT AHEAD

From John Graham, at the Union Stock Yards, in Chicago, to His Son Pierrepont, at The Scrub Oaks, Spring Lake, Michigan

CHICAGO, September 1, 189–.

Dear Pierrepont: I judge from yours of the twenty-ninth that you must have the black bass in those parts pretty well terrorized. I never could quite figure it out, but there seems to be something about a fish that makes even a cold-water deacon see double. It must be that, while Eve was learning the first principles of dressmaking from the snake, Adam was off bass fishing and keeping his end up by learning how to lie.

Don't overstock yourself with those four-pound fish yarns, though, because the boys have been bringing them back from their vacations till we've got enough to last us for a year of Fridays. And if you're sending them to keep in practice you might as well quit, because we've decided to take you off the road when you come back, and make you assistant manager of the lard department. The salary will be fifty dollars a week, and the duties of the position will be to do your work so well that the manager can't run the department without you, and that you can run the department without the manager.

To some fellows lard is just hog fat, and not always that if they would rather make a dollar to-day than five to-morrow. But it was a good deal more to Jack Summers, who held your new job until we had to promote him to canned goods.

Jack knew lard from the hog to the frying-pan; was up on lard in history and religion; originated what he called the "Ham and" theory, proving that Moses' injunction against pork must have been dissolved by the Circuit Court, because Noah included a couple of shoats in his cargo, and called one of his sons Ham, out of gratitude, probably, after tasting a slice broiled for the first time; argued that all the great nations lived on fried food, and that America was the greatest of them all, owing to the energy-producing qualities of pie, liberally shortened with lard.

It almost broke Jack's heart when we decided to manufacture our new cottonseed oil product, Seedoiline. But on reflection he saw that it just gave him an extra hold on the heathen that he couldn't convert to lard, and he started right out for the Hebrew and vegetarian vote. Jack had enthusiasm, and enthusiasm is the best shortening for any job; it makes heavy work light.

A good many young fellows envy their boss because they think he makes the rules and can do as he pleases. As a matter of fact, he's the only man in the shop who can't. He's like the fellow on the tight-rope—there's plenty of scenery under him and lots of room around him, but he's got to keep his feet on the wire and travel straight ahead.

A clerk has just one boss to answer to—the manager. But the manager has just as many bosses as he has clerks under him. He can make rules, but he's the only man who can't afford to break them now and then. A fellow is a boss because he's a better man than those under him, and there's a heap of responsibility in being better than the next fellow.

No man can ask more than he gives. A fellow who can't take orders can't give them. If his rules are too hard for him to mind, you can bet they are too hard for the clerks who don't get half so much for minding them. There's no alarm clock for the sleepy man like an early-rising manager; and there's nothing breeds work in an office like a busy boss. Of course, setting a good example is just a small part of a manager's duties. It's not enough to settle yourself firm on the box-seat—you must have every man under you hitched up right and well in hand. You can't work individuals by general rules. Every man is a special case and needs a special pill.

When you fix up a snug little nest for a Plymouth Rock hen, and encourage her with a nice porcelain egg, it doesn't always follow that she has reached the fricassee age because she doesn't lay right off. Sometimes she will respond to a little red pepper in her food.

I don't mean by this that you ever want to drive your men, because the lash always leaves its worst soreness under the skin. A hundred men will forgive a blow in the face where one will a blow to his self-esteem. Tell a man the truth about himself and shame the devil if you want to, but you won't shame the man you're trying to reach, because he won't believe you. But if you can start him on the road that will lead him to the truth he's mighty apt to try to reform himself before any one else finds him out.

Consider carefully before you say a hard word to a man, but never let a chance to say a good one go by. Praise judiciously bestowed is money invested.

Never learn anything about your men except from themselves. A good manager needs no detectives, and the fellow who can't read human nature can't manage it. The phonograph records of a fellow's character are lined in his face, and a man's days tell the secrets of his nights.

Be slow to hire and quick to fire. The time to discover incompatibility of temper and curl-papers is before the marriage ceremony. But when you find that you've hired the wrong man you can't get rid of him too quick. Pay him an extra month, but don't let him stay another day. A discharged clerk in the office is like a splinter in the thumb—a centre of soreness. There are no exceptions to this rule, because there are no exceptions to human nature.

Never threaten, because a threat is a promise to pay that it isn't always convenient to meet; but if you don't make it good it hurts your credit. Save a threat till you're ready to act, and then you won't need it. In all your dealings, remember that to-day is your opportunity; to-morrow some other fellow's.

Keep close to your men. When a fellow's sitting on top of a mountain he's in a mighty dignified and exalted position, but he's missing a heap of interesting and important doings down in the valley. Never lose your dignity, of course, but tie it up in all the red tape you can find around the office, and tuck it away in the safe. It's easy for a boss to awe his clerks, but a man who is feared to his face is hated behind his back. A competent boss can move among his men without having to draw an imaginary line between them, because they will see the real one if it exists.

Besides keeping in touch with your office men, you want to feel your salesmen all the time. Send each of them a letter every day so that they won't forget that we are making goods for which we need orders; and insist on their writing you every day, whether they have anything to say or not. When a fellow has to write six times a week to the house he uses up his explanations mighty fast, and he's pretty apt to hustle for business to make his seventh letter interesting.

Right here I want to repeat that in keeping track of others and their faults it's very, very important that you shouldn't lose sight of your own. Authority swells up some fellows so that they can't see their corns; but a wise man tries to cure his own while remembering not to tread on his neighbors'.

In this connection, the story of Lemuel Hostitter, who kept the corner grocery in my old town, naturally comes to mind. Lem was probably the meanest white man in the State of Missouri, and it wasn't any walk-over to hold the belt in those days. Most grocers were satisfied to adulterate their coffee with ground peas, but Lem was so blamed mean that he adulterated the peas first. Bought skin-bruised hams and claimed that the bruise was his private and particular brand, stamped in the skin, showing that they were a fancy article, packed expressly for his fancy family trade. Ran a soda-water fountain in the front of his store with home-made syrups that ate the lining out of the children's stomachs, and a blind tiger in the back room with moonshine whisky that pickled their daddies' insides.

One time and another most men dropped into Lem's store of an evening, because there wasn't any other place to go and swap lies about crops and any of the neighbors who didn't happen to be there. As Lem was always around, in the end he was the only man in town whose meanness hadn't been talked over in that grocery. Naturally, he began to think that he was the only decent white man in the county. Got to shaking his head and reckoning that the town was plum rotten. Said that such goings on would make a pessimist of a goat. Wanted to know if public opinion couldn't be aroused so that decency would have a show in the village.

Most men get information when they ask for it, and in the end Lem fetched public opinion all right. One night the local chapter of the W. C. T. U. borrowed all the loose hatchets in town and made a good, clean, workmanlike job of the back part of his store, though his whisky was so mean that even the ground couldn't soak it up. The noise brought out the men, and they sort of caught the spirit of the happy occasion. When they were through, Lem's stock and fixtures looked mighty sick, and they had Lem on a rail headed for the county line.

I don't know when I've seen a more surprised man than Lem. He couldn't cuss even. But, as he never came back to ask for any explanation, I reckon he figured it out that they wanted to get rid of him because he was too good for the town.

I simply mention Lem in passing as an example of the fact that when you're through sizing up the other fellow it's a good thing to step back from yourself and see how you look. Then add fifty per cent. to your estimate of your neighbor for virtues that you can't see, and deduct fifty per cent. from yourself for faults that you've missed in your inventory, and you'll have a pretty accurate result.

Your affectionate father,

JOHN GRAHAM.

THERE'S NOTHING BREEDS WORK IN AN OFFICE LIKE A BUSY BOSS

THE COPPER KING

THE ROMANCE OF A TRUST

By Henry Kitchell Webster

Joint Author of Calumet "K"

I GUESSED, WHILE HE STOOD THERE READING, WHAT WAS COMING

CHAPTER IX

AFTER my talk with Stanley it would have been mere fatuity to cherish any hope of averting the struggle. We must fight it out.

Apparently Stanley didn't mean to strike until he got ready, and there was a long interval between his challenge and our first skirmish. During the interval, except for keeping my eyes open for anything that might be going on, I concerned myself very little with the prospect. I had everything in readiness so far as I could see, and there were other pleasanter matters which absorbed my attention.

To begin with, Barget and I were building our house, or rather two of them. One was on Prospect Avenue, in Red City, along in line with Mr. Cooper's and Mr. Halstead's and the rest of them. Stanley's house was in the next block. Like the others, ours was a monstrous affair of granite, very complete, very luxurious, but with no great distinction architecturally. Two descriptions of it were published, one of a most laudatory nature in the Daily News, accompanied by an editorial upon the substantial benefit I had conferred on the city by building it; the other, from a different point of view, in the Argus, also supplemented by an editorial entitled, "How did he get it?"

Barget used sometimes to come to the city for a look at it, or a conference with the architect, but on the whole we didn't take a very profound interest in it in those days. It didn't seem possible that the leviathan could be meant to live in. When we talked about our house, we were thinking of the other one.

It was perched up at the head of father Jansen's valley, just above where Barget and I had had our birthday party, on the second of the three terraces which form the bank; a rambling, irregular sort of structure, partly of cobblestones from the river-bed, and partly of great unhewn logs. If we were but lukewarm in our interest in the great house on Prospect Avenue, we made up for it in our enthusiasm over this. For the greater part of the day Barget would sit on a log near by, watching, suggesting, vetoing this or that notion of the honest mechanic who was nominally in charge; and in the evening she would be waiting for my train from Red City with our horses, and we would gallop back to the site to spend an hour or so scheming and devising for the morrow. The result was a defiance of every architectural convention in the catalogue, but it was exactly as we wanted it. When it was done we furnished it, with a similar disregard of the customary way of doing things, just as our fancy directed.

At last, one June afternoon, I rode out to the valley earlier than usual, and not alone, either, for Fletcher was with me. He had reached Red City that day, and when I met him at the station and seized his hand, he dropped the other on my shoulder and said, "God bless you." And the next morning, instead of rushing off to town, we went, he and Barget and I, to look at the new house. The laborers had left it long ago, the last touch had been put upon it, and it was fragrant and alight with every kind of blossom that bloomed in the valley.

And after we had seen it all, and after we had passed the greater part of the day at father Jansen's, in the spirit of all such days—which is merry, but with a strain of sadness—when the shadows were growing long again, we all went back, with a few others who had come that afternoon, to our house under the cliff, and there and then Barget and I were married. It was just past sunset when, standing in our doorway, she and I watched the rest go down the path, and then around the curve of the road which leads down the valley.

We spent a few days there quite alone, then went away for two or three months in Europe. We should have stayed longer, but a cable from Lawrence convinced me that it was high time that I should be back and in the harness. So we returned, but not to our little house under the cliff. The peaceful days must give place at last to days of struggle. For a while, at least, we must be where every ounce of strength and influence we had might be brought to bear. So we picked up a corps of servants and opened the big house on Prospect Avenue.

The first thing I did, on reaching Red City, was to find out Lawrence, and have a talk with him. He pulled a long face when I walked into his office, and somewhat satirically expressed his surprise at seeing me.

"I don't believe I'd have bettered matters by coming back sooner," said I. "I see that there's a big smelter going up below the Northwestern, and a railroad connecting it with the Croesus. I can guess what that means. But it doesn't disturb me very seriously. He won't win at that game. I can buy ore at a higher price than he can and still make money. He has to pay for his power."

"That isn't what worries me, either," Lawrence replied. "It's Reech. What chance do you think you have of getting control of the Red City and Texas?"

"If Reech hasn't been lying to me my chance is pretty good. I haven't seen him yet, but from his letters he's been doing as well as possible. And we've got several months yet before election."

"This is the sum and substance of what I know about it," Lawrence went on. "I know that Reech is a rascal, and I think—well, I know—that there's been influence brought to bear on him by somebody from another quarter. I imagine it's a question of dollars and cents with him whether he sells you out or not."

I was disposed to take this warning a good deal more seriously than I had taken the other one, and though I asked him laughingly if his suspicions weren't sometimes roused even against himself, yet I lost no time in sending for Reech and asking him for a specific report on what he had or had not accomplished.

He was bland as always, confident that all was going well, could assure me that I needn't feel the slightest uneasiness, but he required constant bringing back to the subject at hand, and when I cut short his hopeful generalities, and asked him for a schedule of the stock he had secured, he looked hurt and said he had not prepared one. I told him to submit one to-morrow without fail, and ended the hearing somewhat abruptly.

Reech was no fool. He could talk business as straight to the point as anybody when the business would bear scrutiny, and I knew perfectly well before he went out that there was a screw loose somewhere.

But it is a good maxim in a widely known American game to show no more cards than the situation calls for, so when Reech came around next day I changed my tactics. According to the schedule he hadn't got half enough stock and he had paid amazing prices for it, but he had a plausible explanation on his tongue, and alleged that he was on the point of acquiring a great deal more very cheap, so I told him to go ahead, and to do the best he could, and professed myself satisfied.

I saw clearly enough that I had been a fool to put myself so completely in his hands. I've no doubt that he wouldn't have sold me out without good business reasons for doing so, but he had a personal reason also which must have weighed with him. We had started out together, and he had seen me succeed where he failed, and it was no wonder that he was glad to help pull me down. All that was plain enough after the event. Well, I did all I could to make up for my negligence. I had Lawrence drop everything else and take up the business in deadly earnest. I gave him carte blanche, or more exactly, blank checks, and told him, if possible, to get me possession of the control of that road no matter what it might cost, and if there had been anything left to get, if the game hadn't been played and finished already, he would have won for me. But of that hereafter.

In the meantime Barget went into society and I into politics, rather simple matters both. Everybody in town, except the Stanleys, called on us, and afterward came many times again to receptions, dinners, and now and then a ball. I say Barget went into society, because it was all her own doing. She came and sat down on my knee one evening after dinner, when the preliminary round of calls was about over, and handed me a paper. "Will you please O. K. this, Mr. Drake?" she said, and then, "That's what they say, isn't it?"

"Yes," said I, "but they don't, as a rule, sit on my knee when they say it."

The paper contained a program of entertainments of one sort or another running through the whole season. The extent of it made me a little nervous.

"That's the right idea," said I. "This sort of thing will strengthen my position here, and it's what we built the house for. But don't you think we'd better begin a little more slowly? You see we're really plain people. I haven't been to anything like this for so long that I'm afraid I don't know how to act——"

She put her hand over my mouth, and told me to wait and see if she didn't know how to do it, and laughed me into confessing that was what I had meant. For revenge, she said, she would not consult me at all in preparation for the first party; she would not even let me see the gown she was going to wear. If I had some misgivings in the interval the occasion itself repaid me for them, and when I had watched her for a while receiving our guests and moving about among them, I vowed that thereafter, if Barget should wish to undertake anything, no matter what, I would say "Go ahead," and sit by and watch with perfect confidence.

Going into politics was a simpler matter than going into society. It really involved very little more than a generous contribution to a campaign fund and a few small dinners. I don't intend in this memoir to go into my political career in any detail. It's pretty well known and not very edifying; I don't look back on it with any pleasure myself. But I want to say just a word in my own defense. I began this account of a part of my life by saying, among other things, that I had never trafficked in men's consciences, and though that may have brought a rather scornful smile to the lips of some of my readers, it was nevertheless true. That is not pretending, mind you, that I didn't sometimes buy what ought never to be for sale. I shall presently show how and why I bought Reech back again. But I never paid money for what wasn't in the market, for anything which, if not mine at my price, wasn't some other man's at his. I don't try to defend the morals—the abstract morals—of my political position, either, except to say that at the moment, and in the crisis, I did what seemed to be the only thing I could do.

But politics and society were but a small part of my occupations during those months. Stanley was building a smelter, and I tried to neutralize that move by improving the Northwestern, putting in Bessemer converters which the water-power enabled us to use very economically, and adding an electrolytic plant where we could use our own sulphuric acid. Also, about that time I took the contract for lighting the city by electricity—the water-power again; it seemed a hundred years since I had bought that power of the miller for four thousand dollars. A rival of the Argus, called the Daily News, which had been launched a little while back, was also a venture of mine.

All that, however, was somewhat beside the mark, or rather, was merely subsidiary to my main purpose. That purpose I had outlined to Lawrence months before: to draw the gigantic copper industries in the Bent River district into one organization; an organization strong enough to keep the peace between its members, an assured neutrality which should prevent the individual giants from falling foul of one another. If that had been my purpose when I talked to Lawrence, when it was all impersonal, hypothetical, you can imagine how every effort, every resource, was strained to achieve it now, with war and perhaps defeat confronting me. For it was here that the game would be lost or won. Whatever temporary advantage either one of us might gain, the war would not be over until I had effected that organization—trust—combine—call it what you like, or until Stanley had made it impossible for me to do so.

But if I was doubly determined to bring about this result I must be doubly cautious in my efforts to do so. A nation which is threatened with a war cannot with very good grace begin to scurry about after allies, and I knew I could not expect my competitors to step in and embroil themselves with Stanley out of pure benevolence.

At one time and another I talked with Halstead and with Cooper in a general sort of way. They took it differently: Halstead expressed a good deal of enthusiasm, while Cooper was frankly skeptical, but both wanted to hear more about it. The result of our talk was that one January afternoon found

Editor's Note—This story began in The Saturday Evening Post of June 28.

a representative of every copper interest in the district—except the Crœsus—sitting about in the leather chairs in my private office, while outside the snow whistled against the windows. They had come dropping into the room one at a time, and we didn't attempt to talk business until all were assembled, and as we hadn't much in common besides copper the conversation flagged a little. But finally the last man, Halstead, made his appearance and we drew our chairs up to the table

I can remember to-day just how we sat: Cooper and Rosenblum opposite me, Armstrong and his chief engineer, a young fellow named Parker, to the left, Frankenburgher, who had come up from Brownsville just for the meeting, at the right, and on my right, and a little behind me where I could not see his face, Halstead

"Well, gentlemen," said I, "I'm afraid I'll have to make a speech."

If you have read my memoir thus far you need not be told what, in substance, I said, and if you consider the stake I was playing for you will know that I was terribly in earnest I realized fully what it meant, what a chance the presence of those six listeners offered me There was wealth enough represented in that room to maintain an army, to buy all the rest of the State outright. If we could but agree to stand together, for peace and justice, there could be no gainsaying our fiat; not even Stanley, with all the resources of the Crœsus at his back, could resist us

It all lay with me now, and as my first embarrassment wore off I became confident that I should succeed. This much was in my favor: I was talking honestly; I was not trying to trick them, to spin any deceitful illusion, but merely to make them see what was as clear as daylight to me. I knew then, as I know now, that I was right.

While I talked my eyes went from one to another, looking for and sometimes seeing a nod of approval or a glance of comprehension. I looked most of the time at the partners who sat opposite me; at Cooper—at the thin face, the long thin nose, the thin hand stroking the thin, close-cropped beard, his eye fixed constantly on a big ink spot on the blotting paper which covered the table—and from him to his exact opposite, Rosenblum, whose hair was grizzled and kinky, whose face bore, plain to read, the marks of his Jewish ancestry; whose eyes, shrewd but not unkindly, were all the while on my face. I noticed, too, how young Parker sprawled in his chair, and now and then whispered behind his hand to his chief, whose only replies were nods or shakings of the head, and how Frankenburgher sat perfectly still, except when he was lighting a fresh cigar from the butt of an old one, his hands clasped over his stomach, not moving even to brush away the ashes which flaked and fell from his cigar and settled in drifts in the creases across his vest

I don't know how long I talked; for half an hour, perhaps, before I made an end; and then waited to hear what they would say

"Harmony iss good," said Frankenburgher thickly, around his cigar

"We seem to harmonize well enough so far as I can see," observed Armstrong

Halstead spoke up quickly: "Ah, but Mr Drake is right, none the less. It is true we have done wonderfully well so far. But our interests are expanding, are more and more in the hands of our agents, less and less in our direct personal control, and between them some trouble may spring up. And also, as our interests expand, is it unlikely that they may overlap, may involve us in a litigation, or even, as Mr. Drake puts it in war?"

Cooper looked up keenly at me "Hasn't Mr. Drake any more definite intimation than that of a possible break in the—the harmony, since that seems to be the word, which we have been enjoying?"

"Yes," I answered, "I have. I know that the proprietor of the Crœsus, Mr. Stanley, intends nothing less than to drive me out of business in this section of the country." I hesitated a minute and then went on. "I think, perhaps, that needs some explanation. At one time I owned half of the Crœsus property. For a personal reason, which I shall not go into here or elsewhere, I sold my share to Mr. Stanley for ten thousand dollars. Shortly after that I was warned not to attempt to make another start here; that if I did I should be run out of town. When Mr. Stanley took up his residence here some months ago he repeated that threat expressly and in person."

"Is it fair to ask"—Cooper was speaking—"on what ground you are trying to induce us to take your side in this affair with Mr. Stanley?"

I don't ask you to take my side," said I. "I am not trying to get an advantage over him, nor over you. I have no grudge to work off on him. What I am anxious for is an agreement between us which shall be the best possible agreement for every one of us, which shall be a good bargain for no one at the expense of some one else. No other agreement has any validity or permanence. If Mr. Stanley will consent to be a party to it, no one will be more pleased than I. He would not do it at my instance, but in the face of a concerted action I think he would see it differently'

Parker spoke below his breath, but quite audibly to all of us. "It appears that Mr. Drake is somewhat less anxious to fight than Mr. Stanley'

"Ach!" growled Frankenburgher, from half-way down his throat

"No one but a fool is anxious to fight," said Cooper sharply

"If I thought you gentlemen were in a position to observe strict neutrality," said I; "if you weren't sure to be affected by such a struggle as seems likely to occur between Stanley's interests and mine, I shouldn't have brought this matter before you at this time. This isn't an appeal for gratuitous help. I believe you will be affected; that half the force of my blows and Stanley's will fall on you. You will watch the duel, but you won t be out of the line of fire."

"I agree with you," said Halstead. "I am sure Mr Drake has put the case in a way that appeals to us all. I——"

Just then there was a knock at the door, and my chief clerk came in with a letter. He walked around the table and laid it down at my right hand. I turned to pick it up, then saw it was for Halstead. I saw something else, too. The address was typewritten, but below it, in a broad, heavy handwriting, and underscored, was the word *Immediate*. I had not seen that hand for years, but I had not forgotten it. It was just like the letters which used to come to me in the city from out in the gold-fields; and so vividly did I remember it that it seemed to bring the image of George Stanley before my eyes

MY EYES WENT FROM ONE TO ANOTHER, LOOKING FOR APPROVAL OR COMPREHENSION

Halstead tore it open innocently enough, read two or three lines, and then, complaining that the light was failing, he took it to the window

From the clue that one word had given me I guessed, while he stood there reading, what it meant and what was coming. If I hadn't, his nervous, altered manner when he came back to the table would have told me, as it told the others. Every one waited to hear what he was going to say.

"I'm afraid"—he stammered; "I think that——" But in a moment he was able to make better work of it. "Mr Drake's proposition has interested me very much, and I'm sure it has interested you. But I think before we go further with it that we should consult about it among—among ourselves; should consider every aspect of the case. It is too serious a matter to be entered into lightly" He paused and mopped his forehead. The others were watching him closely Armstrong moved uneasily in his chair, and Cooper smiled

I stood up "I'm entirely willing to leave my case in your hands, gentlemen," said I. "Thank you for coming and hearing what I had to say about it.

Ten minutes later my office was empty. And within the next few days I had letters from all of them. The one from Cooper and Rosenblum was the shortest. It said merely that at present they did not think that any plan for consolidation was feasible. And though the others were longer—Halstead's covered three sheets—their purport was the same

It was the first serious setback I had had since the day—so long ago that it seemed as though it had happened to another person—when I had sold my half of the Crœsus to George Stanley for ten thousand dollars. I didn't yet realize how serious it was. I knew Stanley's letter to Halstead must have convinced him and the others that he, Stanley, was in control of the situation, but that such was actually the case I wasn't at all ready to grant.

I thought that there was still some possibility of turning Reech to account. I agreed with Lawrence that some one, most likely Stanley, had made it worth his while to fail in the commission I had intrusted to him, but I thought it best to try the effect of a little coercion, anyway. I used to demand a report from him every week, of just whom he had seen, what prices were asked for the stock, and what he had paid for the little he might have succeeded in buying. I could see that my methods worried him; he disliked extremely to be explicit, and only by the most absolute insistence on my part could be induced to commit himself on paper to the details of his transactions. He was an expensive agent, though he didn't accomplish much, but I should have kept him at the work until right up to the time for the shareholders' meeting if he hadn't thrown up the job himself

I urged him to keep on, but he wouldn't hear of it. "The pay's all right," he said in answer to my questions. "Everything's all satisfactory; but the fact is"—he was so plainly at the end of his rope that I could hardly help smiling—"the fact is, I hate to go on throwing away your money when it ain't going to do you a bit of good. Those farmers won't sell. They tell me they haven't any stock, or that they've sold it, when I know it ain't so. But what am I to do? They've got the idea that it's a skin, and there's an end of it."

So I wrung from him his last, unwilling memorandum, and let him go. Lawrence agreed with him by that time that it was useless to make any further effort to control the road, but the reason he gave was different. "I don't believe there's any stock at all among these people. Somebody has swept it up clean, all along the line; some agent of Stanley's; and, from what inquiries I thought it safe to make, I believe his agent was Reech himself"

I was reluctant to admit that I was beaten, but it was a clear case. Reech had brought in to me less than a quarter of the stock, but what Lawrence had secured brought the total amount up to nearly a third. How much of the rest Stanley had I didn't know, but it undoubtedly constituted an absolute control of the road. So I was in the uncomfortable position of having tied up a lot of money in an enterprise which didn't pay, and where my enemy, not I, was the only one who could profit by it

The result of the election unfortunately justified our predictions. I had been called away from town on some other business just before it occurred, so Lawrence attended the meeting for me and voted my proxies. Beyond the bare telegraphic information that we had been beaten, I knew nothing of the outcome till I returned to town a few days later, when I promptly called on Lawrence for particulars

"There isn't much more to tell," he said lugubriously. "They can do just what they please with the road. They elected Stanley's bankers, and his lawyers, and some of his personal friends, and—oh, yes, whom do you think? Whom do you think the directors have made vice-president?'

"Halstead? Cooper? Armstrong?" I guessed

"No!" said Lawrence, thumping his desk. "Reech, by thunder! Reech! What do you think of that?"

"I don't know," said I after staring at him for a minute. "That wants a little thinking over

The new management of the road didn't leave us in doubt very long as to what their intentions were. Before they had been in their office a month they published a revised freight tariff, and hard as I was hit I had to admire the skill with which they did it. There was a small reduction for the

(Continued on Page 19)

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST
FOUNDED A.D 1728

Published every Saturday by
THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
421 to 427 Arch Street, Philadelphia

Subscription $1.00 the Year—5 Cents the Copy of All Newsdealers

GEORGE HORACE LORIMER, Editor

The Saturday Evening Post is the oldest journal in America, having appeared regularly every week for the past 174 years, except for the short period when Philadelphia was in the hands of the British Army. The magazine was founded in 1728 and was edited and published by Benjamin Franklin in whose day it was known as The Pennsylvania Gazette. In 1765 the publication passed into other hands, but its name continued until 1821 when it was changed to The Saturday Evening Post. The magazine was purchased in 1897 by The Curtis Publishing Company.

Poor Richard Junior's Philosophy

¶Big talk—small fish.

¶Honesty is the best politics.

¶Reform, Reëlection and Roosevelt are the three R's of the strenuous life.

¶Some men are so careless about their things that they lose their hair even.

¶"Everything that money can buy" doesn't include anything that makes life really worth living.

¶When a procrastinator wants the other fellow to do something he's always in the deuce of a hurry.

¶A Platonic friendship is the greatest thing in life. Have one woman for a friend, and make her your wife.

¶It's hard to tell which is the more hopeless case in a business office—a willing incompetent or an unwilling competent.

¶When a woman has a weak case she adds her sex to it and wins; and when she has a strong case she subtracts her sex from it and deals with you harder than a man.

¶Good health is the starting point for all good times. A million-dollar salary is a poor exchange for steady nerves, and a round billion for the ability to eat a square meal.

¶Small wonder that Hobson climbed a tree—if he did—to put back a robin in its nest, or under any other pretext. The real wonder is that he came down again; for between the hysterical women and the hysterical yellows, Hobson is about the most misrepresented man in the United States. When we get into another war, the man who is offered an opportunity to prove himself a hero is going to say, "No, I thank you," unless he can be sure that he will never live to come back from the post of danger.

Appendicitis and Ping-Pong

DISEASES, no less than games, seem to have their periods of popular favor. And just now appendicitis is the ping-pong of the medical world.

Ten years ago, nine men out of ten didn't know that they had such a thing as an appendix; to-day, the nine men know all about it and go pale whenever they have a stomach-ache on the right side, and the tenth man has lost his There is an appendicitis club even, with an initiation fee of one appendix—your own, not transferable—and it is not a poor man's club, either. For an appendix, worthless in its proper place, costs anywhere from fifty to a thousand dollars, according to the reputation and conscience of the attending surgeon, when you receive it in alcohol as a guarantee of good faith.

Of course, the popularity of appendicitis is due largely to its being a novelty, though people used to have it, under another name presumably. A story which is going the rounds illuminates the attitude of the public toward the new fad.

It seems that an ambulance brought to one of our hospitals a man who had been picked up in the streets in an unconscious condition. After a hasty examination the house physician decided that the man was suffering from acute appendicitis and ordered him on the operating table.

While he was still unconscious an attendent started to remove the patient's clothes, and the doctor's attention was arrested by this sentence tattooed on his chest:

"If found unconscious, do not operate for appendicitis. Have had it taken out twice."

Some surgeons are more conservative, as is shown by another story, one which is being told of an appendicitis specialist, a man of great skill, who rarely loses a case. Some one was calling on him a while back, and noticed that his pet poodle was moping about disconsolately, ears drooping and tail down

"What's the matter with that dog, Doctor?" the visitor asked. "He seems sick'

"Well, I guess he is sick That dog has appendicitis."

"Appendicitis!" exclaimed the visitor. "Then why don't you operate on him?"

"Operate on that dog!" exclaimed the doctor. "Well, I guess not; why, he cost a hundred dollars!"

Still, if you really have it, you would better have it out.

The Mills of the Money Gods

IF YOU have been reading Mr. David Graham Phillips' Millionaires you have gone over with him the vast establishment of Mr. Multi-millionaire. You found his great palace subdivided "somewhat like a very handsome and exclusive private hotel"—for Mr. Multi-millionaire himself one suite, for his wife another, for the grown son a third, for the grown daughter a fourth, for the younger son and daughter a fifth and sixth; for the servants and personal dependents (forty-two of them in all) a seventh. We have not in this column space to recapitulate the various duties of this legion, but we cannot pass by Mr. Phillips' comment on its necessity: "These personal attendants are no mere show and vanity. But for them the personages of the family would be smothered under the accumulation of their extravagances. They would be compelled to live simply in a small house or to spend all their time in the details of the vast establishment, and would have no time for business, study or amusement."

How complicate has grown this business of life! What, then, has become of Omar, his jug of wine, his loaf of bread, his book of verses underneath the bough; what of Diogenes in his tub, or our own stout Thoreau of Walden Wood? It was Thoreau, by the way, who first pointed out that man in setting the trap of industrial civilization only caught himself; luxury and peace of mind are still afield and free, far from him. Mrs. Multi-millionaire, smothered in the detail of her own establishment, her husband swamped in making money for which he has no further use, both of them cut off from decent human intercourse with their children and with each other—why do they keep on, why do they persist in pushing at this gigantic snowball, which, as it gathers momentum, will some day swallow them up bodily and go rolling on—a snowball still, different only in size from other smaller snowballs?

John Gates, himself a most industrious high roller, answers the question well. "Most people," he says, speaking of Mr. Morgan, the most perseverant roller of them all, "think he is going on because he wants more money. *They don't see that it is because he can't do otherwise. He is in and he can't get out*—without disaster to the big interests in his control and to the men who have become associated with him. That's what keeps all of us going after we've passed a point where there's nothing we want we can't buy."

Precisely. The swiftly woven screen of desires and dreams shot through the great machine we have ourselves builded, flies before us; we stretch out a wishful finger and, *whirr-rr*, it has us—first a hand, then an arm, and we go to feed the revolutions. It used to be that a man could dig his comforts with his cabbages from his own back yard; now we live in rented houses and scramble at the hopper of the machine.

Some of us are born out of hearing of the machine—of such is the kingdom of content; others only out of reach—those are they who long to be in the scramble at the hopper, with the strugglers, who, for their part, only wish themselves well out of it. Let them take warning by Mr. Gates. Either they will be trodden under foot in the scrimmage, or they will snatch what they can and hurry back to their cabbages and beets—why, then, have left them?—or, if they are especially long-armed and forehanded, in reaching over some other fellow's head they may get a finger caught, and then, *whirr-rr*, in a jiffy they will be no better than Mr. Morgan, who can't quit!

Hope for a Free Poland

IT IS rather startling to hear of Russia's granting exceptional liberty to the Poles in her dominions in order that the contemplation of their happy lot may excite discontent among the Polish subjects of Prussia. Still Russian liberality to Poland, whatever its motive, is nothing new. When the Congress of Vienna was settling the affairs of Europe during the temporary absence of Napoleon at Elba the Czar Alexander I was bent upon reestablishing the Polish Kingdom. He said he thought that act the only just expiation for an international crime. To be sure, he wanted to be King himself, but he was willing to guarantee as free a government as he actually gave to Finland.

Although Polish independence has been buried for four generations, it is not impossible that the twentieth century may see the revival of the nationality that seemed to perish in the eighteenth. If the death of the Austrian Emperor should be followed by that dissolution of his empire and that European war which many observers predict, Germany might well find it to her advantage to give up her three million refractory Poles for the sake of securing ten million Austrian Germans, and establishing a buffer kingdom that would subtract ten million people from Russia and push the Russian boundaries three hundred miles from the German frontiers. Russia now rules nearly two-thirds of the population of Poland, and she would therefore be the chief loser by its reestablishment as an independent Power.

If the question had been asked in 1815 whether the nineteenth century were more likely to witness the establishment of a Kingdom of Italy, a German Empire under Prussian leadership, or a Kingdom of Poland, not a statesman in Europe would have hesitated to pronounce that of the three the probabilities were all in favor of Poland. It has been a case of hope deferred for her, but perhaps her time may be coming yet.

The Barber of Butte and His Fee

LITERAL-MINDED people are inclined to find fault with a story which they suspect isn't true. But the real test of a good anecdote is whether it's so good that it ought to be true, even though it probably isn't. Such a story is being told of Senator Clark, his son, and a certain barber of Butte.

The son, so the story runs, being in need of a hair-cut, started out in search of a barber. By some lucky chance he fell into the hands of a Tonsorial Artist—one who understood the poetry of the shears and used the Delsarte movements in shampooing. So pleased was he with the result that thereafter no other barber's "next," no matter how pleadingly or woolingly voiced, could lure him to the chair.

Meanwhile, his father's hair had grown to the cutting point, and he, too, sought out the treasure and submitted his head to the shears. The barber knew his man and made the most of his opportunity. But finally the last snip had been taken, the "Bay rum or tonic, sir?" question had been answered; the "part," under the artist's manipulations, had become a line of beauty; and the Senator stood forth redolent of bay rum and satisfaction

"How much?" he asked

"Your son gives me five dollars," the barber insinuated.

"But what's the regular price?" persisted the Man of Copper and Gold.

The barber hesitated. He had not thought to mention vulgar little fractions to a man whose unit of measurement was a million. "Fifty cents, sir," he finally replied, in a tone of gentle reproof.

"Here you are," the Senator returned briskly, handing him a new half-dollar. "I haven't got a rich father."

A page might be written about this little story, but the Senator said it all in that last sentence.

BONS MOTS OF FAMOUS MEN

By William Mathews

IT IS a well-known fact that wits and humorists, as a rule, scintillate most brilliantly in conversation. They say finer things than they write. The flashes elicited by the collision of mind with mind during the excitement of oral contest are brighter than those produced "with malice prepense and aforethought" in the quiet and solitude of the study. Such *jeux d'esprit* are more effective than those that drop from the pen, because they are generally unstudied, original. They spring out of the subject and the occasion, when the mind is free from "carking care" and in a genial mood. Who does not know how much more pungently Johnson could talk than he could write? A born intellectual gladiator, but naturally sluggish, he needed opposition—the parry and thrust of the social duel—to bring out his latent stores of wit and sarcasm. Congreve's talk was wittier than anything in his plays; and the same was true of Fielding. Selden, the tough parliamentarian, the driest and most ponderous of writers, sparkled with frequent and playful jest in company. Who knows how much the best English wit is due to the usage of a dress dinner every day at dark? As Emerson says, "much attrition has worn every sentence into a bullet."

The genius of the French for *jeux d'esprit*, to which their language is exquisitely adapted, is well known. How often did Voltaire's readiness at retort save him from social disaster! When an advocate greeted him with the bombastic compliment, "I salute you, light of the world!" Voltaire replied: "Madame Denis, bring the snuffers!" Fontenelle once said to him: "Tragedy is not your true field; your style is too strong and too brilliant." "I will immediately reperuse your pastorals," replied the wit. A Dutch assailant of Voltaire once drew upon himself the memorable retort: "I wish you more wit and fewer consonants." "*Adieu, canaux, canards, canaille!*" was his sarcastic farewell to Holland, which any translation would spoil. In speaking one day at Ferney of the little republic of Geneva, he said: "If I but shake my wig, it is covered with dust."

Voltaire's *bons mots*, if more abundant, were rivaled in point and terseness by those of Talleyrand, which, while apparently courtly and careless, contained too much acidity. When asked one day by a lady noted for her beauty and her stupidity how she should rid herself of a troublesome admirer, he replied: "You have only to open your mouth, madame." "It was your father, then, who was not so good-looking," was his retort to a young man who had boasted of his mother's beauty. When told that Chateaubriand, the vainest of men, whose celebrity was waning, complained of his deafness, the cynic said: "Since people have ceased talking of him, he thinks he is deaf." When asked by a person who squinted, "How are things going in the political world?" the wit replied: "As you see." It has been said of Chamfort, another French wit, that his dry, caustic sayings burn the very paper on which they are printed. "The public, the public," he once exclaimed; "how many fools does it take to make a public?" He divided friends into three classes—those who love us, those who hate us, and those who are indifferent to us. Rivaling in wit, if not in sting, the *mots* of Chamfort were those of his contemporary, Rivarol, who said of Mirabeau that "he would do anything for money, even a virtuous deed." When asked what he thought of Madame de Genlis, he replied: "I like only the pronounced sexes." When told that the Archbishop of Toulouse had poisoned himself, "Then," said he, "he must have swallowed one of his own maxims."

Selwyn's Rebuke to a Bore

England has abounded in wits and humorists for three or four centuries. Of the eighteenth, one of the most celebrated was George Selwyn. When one Foley crossed the channel to avoid his creditors, Selwyn said: "It is a *pass over* that will not be relished by the Jews." He was fond of attending public executions. Being asked by Charles J. Fox if he had witnessed the hanging of a namesake of the great orator, "No," he replied, "I make a point of never attending *rehearsals*." Walpole, alluding to the monotonous similarity in the system of politics continued in the reign of George III, observed: "But there is nothing new under the sun." "No," said Selwyn; "nor under the *grandson*." A gentleman who had been twice cut by the wit in London stepped up and reminded him that they had been acquainted at Bath. "I remember it very well, and when we next meet at Bath I shall be happy to be acquainted with you again." Among the wits of Queen Anne's time was Dr. Samuel Garth, author of the mock-heroic poem, "The Dispensary." He was one day attending on the Duke of Marlborough, and had prescribed a nauseous potion which the great warrior objected to taking. The Duchess Sarah joined her entreaties to the doctor's, exclaiming with her usual vehemence: "I'll be hanged if it does not cure you." "There, my lord," interposed Garth, "you had better swallow it; you will gain either way."

Was any man ever so dull as not to appreciate Douglas Jerrold's witticisms? Who can ever forget his saying about the fertility of Australia—"a land so rich that, if you tickle it with straw, it laughs into a harvest"? What could be more caustic than his sarcasm upon Albert Smith, who was his "favorite aversion"? When a gentleman expressed his surprise that Smith should be a dentist as well as a writer, Jerrold replied: "Oh, sir, he lives by *taking things out of other people's mouths*." When a playwright complained that he was suffering from fever of the brain, "Courage, my good fellow," said the wit; "there is no *foundation* for the complaint." A flaming uxorious epitaph, put by a famous cook on his wife's tombstone, Jerrold characterized as "mock-turtle." When the flight of Louis Philippe and Guizot from Paris was the talk of London, a third-rate writer was expressing pity for the latter, saying: "You see, Guizot and I are both historians—we row in the same boat." "Ay, ay," said Jerrold, "but not with the same *sculls*."

Lord Russell's Penalty for Bigamy

Lord Mansfield rarely indulged in jests; but he once made a witty reply to the supercilious and arrogant Sir Fletcher Norton. In arguing a case of manorial rights, the latter said: "My Lord, I can instance the point in person. Now I have myself *two little manors*." "We are well aware of that," quietly interposed Lord Mansfield with one of his blandest smiles. The blunt and surly Thurlow had little pleasantry; but he once made a witty reply to the youthful Prime Minister, William Pitt, whose constant tone of conscious superiority he could not stomach. Pitt, expatiating on the superiority of the Latin language to the English, cited as an instance the fact that in the former two negatives make a thing more positive than could one affirmative. "Then your father and mother," exclaimed Thurlow gruffly, "must have been two negatives, to make such a positive fellow as you."

Plunkett, the celebrated Irish statesman, advocate and scholar, was apparently master of every species of wit, from that which lights up an argument or intensifies a thought to the droll conceit or comic suggestion which plays round the midriff and provokes a merry laugh. To a testy and irritable judge, who threatened to fine him a hundred pounds if he did not stop coughing, he replied: "I will give your lordship two hundred if you will stop it for me." A violent storm having sprung up on the day when Lord Campbell, who had superseded him as Lord Chancellor of Ireland, was expected to arrive from England, a friend of Plunkett said that the passage across the Channel would make Campbell sick of his promotion. "Yes," ruefully rejoined Plunkett; "but it won't make him *throw up the seals*."

The readiness and keenness of Curran's repartees are well known. His wit was like the vine, which bears the more clusters of grapes the more it is pruned. "Do you see anything ridiculous in my wig?" said a judge to him one day. "Nothing but the head," was the reply. Curran was once addressing a jury, when the judge indicated his dissent from the arguments advanced by shaking his head. The advocate assured his hearers that this did not imply, as they might think, a difference of opinion. "When you know His Lordship as well as I do, it will be unnecessary to tell you that when he shakes his head there is really *nothing in it*." One of the most felicitous of recent legal jests was a reply of the late Chief Justice Russell, of England. Some years before he took sick another barrister, leaning across the benches during a trial for bigamy, whispered: "Russell, what's the extreme penalty for bigamy?" "Two mothers-in-law," was the instant reply. The late W. M. Evarts was noted for his wit as well as for his legal acumen. Going up one day in the elevator of the State Department at Washington, which was packed with applicants for ministerships and consulships, he said to a friend: "This is the largest *collection for foreign missions* that I have seen *taken up* for some time." As he was standing one day in the same city on the bank of the Potomac, conversing with Chief Justice Coleridge, of England, the latter asked: "Is it true that Washington once threw a half-dollar across the Potomac from this bank?" "Yes, sir," replied Evarts, "and he even beat that. He once threw a *sovereign* across the Atlantic."

A String of Philosophic Puns

Apropos of puns, there are verbal Unitarians who scowl upon them—who have a positive antipathy to "agreeable levities," as Elia calls them—"these twinkling corpuscula of conversation"; yet there are puns that provoke the hearer to philosophic speculation; as Burke's query: "What is (m)ajest(y), when stripped of its externals, but *a jest?*" Is there not something sadly suggestive in this: "Is life worth living? That depends on the *liver*." Douglas Jerrold's famous saying that "dogmatism is puppyism come to full growth," looks like a merely happy pun, but is something deeper and more philosophic. What can be more suggestive than the observation of an English editor that if the devil should lose his tail he could get another at the place where *bad spirits are retailed?* How aptly did Sydney Smith characterise Lord Brougham by a pun, as he rode by in his carriage, on the panel of which was a large B: "There goes a carriage with a B outside and a wasp within!" Archbishop Whately was an inveterate punster. "Why," he once asked, "can a man never starve in the Great Desert? Because he can eat the *sand which is* there. But what brought the sandwiches there? Why, Noah sent *Ham*, and his descendants *mustered and bred*."

Of all the varied forms of wit the most admirable and telling, beyond all question, is the retort or repartee. When wit in conversation or in debate, takes this form, it is so effective a weapon, so sudden and unexpected—scatters a man's adversaries with so utter a rout—that the most prejudiced and spiteful listener cannot restrain his applause. A witty retort is always more admired, more triumphant and telling, than a witty attack. It is doubly so when the attack was apparently wholly unexpected. Nothing more quickly wins our praise and sympathy than this perfect command and quick, instantaneous concentration of the faculties when a man is taken at a disadvantage, and repels an insinuation or an insult without a moment's warning. Those retorts are happiest which turn an adversary's weapons against him, as David killed Goliath with his own sword. An adept in this was the first Earl of Shaftesbury, the counselor of Cromwell and of Charles II. He was the keenest and sharpest wit in an age of wits, and excellent in prompt and cutting retort. Born a cripple, unable to move without his man and his crutch, suffering daily from epileptic fits, he was yet a lively companion, a profound lawyer, and an energetic politician. "Shaftesbury," said Charles one day, "I believe that thou art the wickedest dog in all my dominions." "Of a *subject*, Sire, I believe I am."

During his speech in the House of Lords against the Test Bill, overhearing an indolent prelate say: "I wonder when he will have done preaching," the Earl replied in an undertone, so as to be distinctly audible throughout the house, "When I am made a bishop, my Lord."

Although Sheridan, the wit, orator and play-writer, carefully elaborated and painfully polished his most brilliant impromptus, yet he could, when hard pushed, throw off a sharp retort on the spur of the moment. When the fretful critic, Cumberland, had said of a performance of The School for Scandal that he was surprised that it provoked such immoderate laughter, as it did not make him even smile—"Cumberland is truly ungrateful," said Sheridan, "for I saw a tragedy of his played a fortnight before at Covent Garden, and I laughed from beginning to end."

THE PLANT AT HIGH GROVE

By Will Payne

A Story of Modern Competition; the Battle of the Malden Works with the Combine

FIRST CHAPTER

THE three men kept apart in the Pullman car on the way home from Chicago.

Dyer had gone ahead to the smoking compartment, which he had to himself. Malden sat at the end of the car, his light overcoat crumpled about his stout person. In his agitation he had forgotten to take off his stiff black hat. There was a wing of iron gray whiskers on each ruddy cheek, but the lips and chin were clean-shaven. He had a way of compressing his lips, the lower one slightly protruding. His blue eyes, aging, already somewhat dim, were set to the window in an uncomprehending stare.

Johnson, the Superintendent of the plow works, sat halfway down the car, his round, solid head showing above the high back of the seat. His clothes hung loose and ill fitting on his great bony frame. The big jaw and chin, projected on an heroic scale, looked all the more salient from the leanness of his face. His hands lay in his lap. One thumb had been broken, a forefinger blunted and twisted. A girl sat across the car—a slim, graceful little creature in a red jacket, with brown eyes, hardly more than a schoolgirl, admirably pretty. Now and then she looked over at Johnson calmly. If she met his round gray eye her own soft eyes did not instantly fall, she did not color and stir in her seat and move her head as she had done when her glance encountered Dyer's. Nobody knew better than the Superintendent that to this pretty romance-haunted girl he belonged in an order of things world-wide from that in which she placed Dyer.

Twilight gathered as they approached High Grove. While the train was still some miles away, on the other side of the river, they could see the living fire-ball of the forge chimney, a giant's torch, a ruddy, earthy star. As they rushed nearer, the long, low mass of the plow factory took shape on the opposite side of the river, a stretch of rough brick wall pierced with numberless windows. On the very brink of the bank stood the squat smithy, of limestone, with an iron roof from the centre of which protruded a short iron chimney of large diameter. The forge beneath sent up its flames, which burned from the top of the chimney in a protean crown of ever-varying fiery hues. The numberless blank windows of the factory mirrored this fire crown, and its inverted image, waving, leaping, forever changing and renewing itself, burned in the water below. This was the frontispiece of the town. Beyond lay the business district, mostly comprised in the brick-paved town square, in the centre of which stood the soldiers' monument—a pedestal bearing the inevitable sculptured volunteer with his musket at ground arms.

The neat little railroad station of pressed brick had a festal effect, with its rows of incandescent lamps and its bustle of people, as the train drew up. The station lights shone up on the tender green of young oak leaves, a fringe of that vast mantle of foliage which embowered the town. A score of townsfolk stood on the station platform. Young Genslow, the dubious new editor of the semi-weekly Messenger, was talking with two girls. One was the plump and snub-nosed Miss Presley. The other was Johnson's sister Lena, a girl of eighteen. She had his yellowish hair, but of a richer tone; his gray eyes made soft and lustrous, translated to the feminine; a beautiful clear pink-and-white complexion; a graceful young figure. Young Genslow was laughing as he spoke to her, his white teeth showing under his little boyish curly red mustache.

A cart stood in the shadows back of the station, a man, not in livery, dutifully holding the horses' heads. Miss Malden was coming forward out of the shadows to meet her father.

The cheeky young editor, who was said to have been a Chicago newspaper reporter for a few months before he alighted in High Grove, reached the manufacturer first.

"Are the Malden works going into the trust, Mr. Malden?" he asked offhand, smiling, confident.

All the townsfolk within hearing paused to listen, open-mouthed over the audacity, shocked and deeply curious over the scandal of this beggarly cub of a country editor halting Mr. Malden in public and asking him about his business.

Miss Malden stood apart from her father and the interviewer, yet well within the focus of all those curious eyes.

She wore a simple summer costume. Jennie Presley's hat far outmatched hers in size and ornaments. But there was that in Miss Malden's pose which put down the other figures in the picture. Her large dark eyes gave one serene glance at the cheeky young editor from the advantage of a height rather greater than his own, then turned calmly away to the foliage.

Johnson, some distance up the platform, watched her steadily. Again he felt her something carefully finished, a creature highly evolved, predicating long preparations, a product to the making of which there had gone an infinitude of toil, to which, unwittingly, many hands and minds had labored in the impenetrable past. He knew that she was aware of himself and of Lena. He knew, too, that she was not going to give a sign of it.

Genslow was setting forth High Grove's interest in the future of the works; the Messenger's willingness to give it the first official information. Malden, his brows puckered forbiddingly, was glowering down upon the unwelcome questioner.

"The Malden works have not been sold to a trust or to anybody else!" he broke forth angrily. "And they're not going to be sold!" he added, exasperated beyond patience. He brushed by the editor, turning to his daughter.

Miss Malden turned with him, still with that calm air of expunging the scene. Johnson watched them climb into the cart and drive away.

Beyond the square the ground rose under its unbroken mantle of foliage. Here and there an electric street lamp twinkled gayly through the leaves. Lighted windows in the comfortable dwellings, set spaciously apart, glowed cozily in the dark. There was a broad air of prosperous content, and Malden was conscious of this as his daughter drove on, in silence, toward home.

"You decided not to sell, then?" said Miss Malden.

Although he had stubbornly kept silent, his agitation pressed for utterance. At her question he burst out wrathfully: "The trust fellows proposed to buy this plant from us and then shut it down, dismantle it, throw it into the river—and High Grove with it! They had the cost sheets all spread out. They had gone over them with a microscope. They can make plows cheaper at Illinois City. I could have told them that before. As though I hadn't found it out during these last two years of cut-throat competition. My father founded these plow works when there wasn't any town here—only his little blacksmith shop and half a dozen houses." In his agitation Malden went at once to that aspect of the matter which appealed most strongly to him, leaving her to guess the connection. "The works and the town grew up together. I have spent most of my life here. It's a good town, Julia! A good town! And good works! My workmen have always been decently treated—treated like fellow-beings. They have felt secure in their places here. I have worked all my life to get them to buy their homes, to attach themselves to the works and the town. I believe I have done something here! I have given where I could, not merely money, but thought, intelligence, if I have any intelligence. Your mother and yourself have given. There's the library and gymnasium, the scholarship prizes in the public school. There's your Arts and Crafts society—and other things. I mean we've tried to make a community here—a real community, all bound up together. I think I've had some influence in this town, aside from among the workmen. It's improved—a little city. And it all depends on the works. I don't want to brag; but I've done something!"

He turned his agitated face to her for approval. "Yes, father, I know you have," she assented quickly. Perhaps she understood even better than Malden that ideal of himself which he cherished—something half feudal, half scientific; the leading man of his community; the shepherd of his people; the wise and liberal employer; the rich man with a heart and conscience; the foremost light; the temporal human Providence, scattering benefits.

"I don't believe in trusts," he went on; "never did. The competition these last two years has been fierce. Those fellows at Illinois City want all the trade on any terms. Arthur's father came into the works later, by advancing the money for the extensions. Arthur himself has been a great deal away from High Grove—at college, abroad, anywhere but at home. I want to be fair to him. He doesn't feel it as I do. High Grove is nothing to him. I let him persuade me to go to Chicago and talk it over with these men who are getting up the trust. Blair offered us $400,000 for the works, in cash or in stock of the trust, just as we liked. Then it came out that they proposed to abandon the works, to transfer the business to Illinois City, where coal is cheaper and where there's an advantage in shipping. I have to say that Blair was delightfully candid about it. He said the trust wanted the Malden works on account of the name, for the Malden plows are well known. Besides, they wanted to assure the Wall Street men, the underwriters, that all danger of competition had been eliminated. That's the main idea. They want to stop competition. So the $400,000 was ready. Blair seemed to have it among the small change in his vest pocket. But as for running the plant after they'd bought it, that wasn't to be thought of. Blair came back to the cost sheets. They could make plows eight per cent. cheaper at Illinois City, and to his mind that was enough reason for simply canceling High Grove, blotting it out of existence, expunging it! Four hundred workmen and their families; a whole town—tush! Blair simply put that in the waste-paper basket."

The figure and the manner of Blair, the chief promoter, kept recurring to the manufacturer's troubled thoughts—a large, bland person of unfailing good humor, calmly juggling with millions, speaking of $400,000 as though it were small change, listening to Malden's objections; then urbanely coming back to the cost sheets as though they settled everything. To the manufacturer this large, bland, good-humored figure had a strangely disturbing effect, as though it calmly alleged an irresistible power, a force of Nature against which he might struggle in vain.

"But, if they can make plows cheaper at Illinois City, father, won't the plows get made there finally, after all?" Miss Malden asked suddenly.

Malden looked at her, surprised, wounded, touched on the sorest spot. "You've been talking with Arthur Dyer!" he declared accusingly.

"No!" she answered quickly, and colored slightly.

He continued to look at her accusingly—his own daughter taking sides against him; siding with Dyer and Blair and those who alleged the inevitable power of the cost sheets.

"It merely occurred to me," she added.

They were turning into the gravel roadway which led along the side of the ample grounds. The house, a large, square brick structure of some dignity, with a deep veranda, was set in large grounds which occupied the crest of the hill. The town spread beneath them.

"What does William think?" Miss Malden ventured, as the horses slowed to a walk.

Ah! William!" Malden instantly lightened up as he caught at this one point of cheer. "Johnson understands it! He's a workman himself! You should have seen his eye brighten and his jaw settle when I told him we were not going to sell! Yes, Johnson understands it. He knows what it means to the workmen and to the town. Whatever Arthur Dyer—and you—may think, I know there's something in High Grove worth saving. I know eight per cent. in the cost doesn't cover the whole case. It's the community, the well being of four hundred men and their wives and children—yes, of a thousand men. What! After I've worked all my life to make this what it is, to hand it over to the trust for destruction? Not much! I'd be a pretty leader to lead my people into that pit, wouldn't I! No, no, Julia, High Grove is worth saving. Of course I don't blame Arthur so much," he added more quietly, as the horses stopped; "he doesn't feel it as I do. I wish I had the money to buy out his share of the works. Then I'd fight it out alone—with Johnson." Preparing to alight, he seemed to remember something. "Why didn't you go over and speak to William?" he asked.

"Did he wait? I didn't notice," said Miss Malden.

SECOND CHAPTER

LEAVING the station, Johnson turned homeward. His house stood at the beginning of the reach of level land near the river, beyond the works. Persons living on the hill called this the flat. Shade was not so abundant here. Farther on some rows of plain, frail little boxes of houses with no shade at all stood close together, the doorsteps flush with the board sidewalks. Johnson's house was of frame, a story and a half with a small L, plain but comfortable, in a neat yard inclosed by a picket fence.

Editor's Note—This is the first installment of a two-part story. The second will appear next week.

His mother still did the housework, with incidental help from Lena. She was a woman of ample frame, with a broad, plain face and thin iron gray hair. This evening she wore the usual loose calico wrapper which made her bulk look so shapeless. Going and coming between kitchen and dining-room as she served Johnson his late supper she saw, in spite of his abstraction, that he was in high spirits

"So Mr. Malden won't sell the works?" she said presently

"No. He'll not let the plant be shut down We'll fight!" he affirmed with a grim relish.

"Well, fightin' a trust takes a long pocketbook," she observed

"Yes," he assented absently, his mind already busy planning for the new condition; "and close economy all around. Hard work for me, mother! A good many corners must be cut off. Perhaps it will involve lower wages for a while."

She paused, coffee-pot in hand, and pondered the point in her slow way. "Well, I s'pose so," she said. "I s'pose, whether they sell to the trust or don't sell, the men's pretty sure to get the worst of it anyhow." She delivered this bit of philosophy in her mild, good-humored voice, stopping to laugh in a kind of exaggerated purring which shook her ample sides and made little noise. It was said without rancor—a simple, good natured expression of the point of view at which she had arrived through the long struggle against poverty during her husband's lifetime, and in which she had been confirmed through the companionship of other people struggling against poverty

Johnson glanced up at her with a touch of surprise. Long ago he had perfectly comprehended his mother—slow-witted, of the most commonplace and circumscribed mind, incapable of mental expansion, clinging with invincible stubbornness to certain rudely traditional things, yet, along with this invincible stubbornness, of so lax a fibre that even Lena's rashness did not deeply trouble her; affectionate, instantly ready to give her life for those she loved, but utterly incompetent to manage her own daughter, her flabby will absolutely helpless under the bright, alert will of the headstrong girl. Long ago Johnson knew all this. Long ago he had thoroughly comprehended her rudimentary idea of society, which consisted in the good-natured belief that the poor always got the worst of it. Now, his eye took in her bulky figure in the loose calico wrapper, her broad, red, hard hand upon the coffee-pot, her plain, flat face, wrinkled, its age almost pathetically accentuated by the glaringly white false teeth. It came to him abruptly that this figure of toil was also a result of long evolution, predicating conditions through an impenetrable past. With an unpremeditated action he reached out and took her free hand. There was something like a lump at the base of his throat as he smiled up at her An abrupt passion of loyalty to her, not only as his mother, but as the figure of toil, moved his heart. His emotion affirmed the truth of her rudimentary philosophy, which his head disdained.

"They don't often get the best of it—in the long run, mother," he assented. There was the old contrition in his assent A sharp point of remorse pricked his brain with the accusation that his mother certainly had scarcely got the best of it.

They heard the front door open. Johnson dropped his mother's hand with a self-conscious suspense. Lena came in, a package in her hand. There was a sort of helpless waiting and questioning in the way the mother and brother watched the girl as she crossed the room briskly and began untying her package at the sideboard. The quick, graceful movements of her body and hands showed her supple, nervous young energy. The sideboard mirror reflected the beautiful, delicate coloring of her skin and the rich tone of her soft, abundant hair. As she glanced down at the package, the long lashes veiling her lustrous eyes, she looked a dash of splendid color on a dull background

"Well, I guess Mr. Malden means well by his men," said the mother, disengaging herself first from that suspense which Lena's entrance had evoked

"No man means better; no man means better," the Superintendent declared heartily.

The girl looked over her shoulder with one of her quick movements. "Such lovely houses as he gives some of 'em—nice little shanties stuck in the mud," she observed

She saw her brother's eye harden and she met his steady, almost hostile, look boldly.

"Oh, I know about the library and the scholarship prizes and all that," she declared. "I know those Maldens. They like to show us off and look pious when people praise them for taking such interest in us. You ought to have been at the Arts and Crafts business yesterday when Miss Malden had her two swell friends out from Chicago. One of 'em said 'But, my dear Julia, how do you ever have the patience t teach all this?' Then she saw Jennie Presley and me standing by and she said: 'Of course the young ladies must be very clever.' Jennie Presley's father is a merchant. He's got plenty of money, and I hope we're not tramps. But that woman, with her air, might as well have said: 'What an interesting lot of monkeys you're training!' That's what we are to Julia Malden at bottom. She's real proud of us when we do the tricks without making a mistake. Did you see her look over my head at the station to-night? It wouldn't have hurt her to bow to me, I guess. If she'd whistled and held up a bun I might have stood on my head right there. Jen Presley says we mustn't blame the poor girl, because, with all her charity patients, she can't always remember which are the Arts and Crafts and which the free soup and second-hand clothes

A slow, dull color came up under Johnson's tanned skin. "Was it Jennie Presley—or Genslow that said that?" he asked in a hard voice. In an instant he regretted it. He was always failing with Lena. His very anxiety betrayed him into stupid exasperation over her incorrigible wilfulness

The girl flushed. The hurt showed in her eyes; but they did not falter before his steady look.

"Does it hurt you to have somebody pay me some attention, William?" she asked. Her voice, sweet as a child's, had the note of a hurt child

Johnson's eyes fell. He was ashamed. She was so adorably pretty. When her sweetness defended her wilfulness he was utterly at a loss, like a man set to correct an instrument at once too strong and too delicate for his hands

The girl passed slowly from the room. They heard the front door close behind her. Johnson drank his coffee in troubled silence. Mrs. Johnson sat down at the table, pushing her spectacles up on her wrinkled forehead.

"I know how you feel about it, William," she began mildly; "but sometimes lately I wonder whether you done right—keeping yourself as much like a workman as you could, I mean, after you got able to live better. When I think of Lena, I guess it ain't been very good for her. If we'd lived different, in a finer house, in the best way you could afford, maybe it'd 'a' been better for her. Maybe she'd 'a' been content to keep on at school like you wanted her to."

Johnson scarcely dared look at her for an instant, and he quailed inwardly as though she had brought up his most deeply hidden secret and exhibited it before his eyes

"I believe it would have been better," he said.

"Seems like you couldn't do very much good to other people this way, anyhow. Course I know how you feel about it," the mother hastened to add.

"No, you don't know, mother," said the son. "I have some influence with the men at the works, but it's just because they know I'm fair with them, not because I live like a workman. I'm the boss there. You can't get over that. That's the fact that fixes our relationship. You can't get over that. I've felt that for a long time. The old zeal is gone." The dull glow came under his tanned skin. "Maybe it's pride that kept me on in the way I began. Something happened"—he looked up at her, yearning with a sudden contrite affection toward this homely maternal figure of toil "There was a love affair which fixed everything. I've never been able to change it. Pride, perhaps, prevented me. And you and Lena—you've had the worst of it. I haven't been good to you."

The suggestion of an old love affair scarcely stirred her imagination. Naturally there were love affairs in youth as there were measles earlier. This unaccountable man-child of hers would have had a love affair, and he would never have told her. That was most natural. What touched her was his contrition.

"Not me, son! Not me," she said quickly. "I'm as good off here as anywhere—better off than anywhere else. I wouldn't be happy any other way. Lena—she's flighty, and it might have been better for her. But I guess it wouldn't have made any difference in the long run. She's flighty, but a good girl, William. She goes to church every Sunday"

Johnson smiled a little. The speech helped to restore the accustomed relationship between them.

"Don't trouble, son," she said soothingly "We're all right

"Well—I hope so," he said, smiling at her.

"And if Mr. Malden should sell the works and they'd be closed up——"

"No, no!" he interrupted decisively. "The works will not be closed!" The muscles of his big, lean, salient jaw stiffened. "They will not be closed! I'll keep them going!"

"THE MALDEN WORKS HAVE NOT BEEN SOLD TO A TRUST OR TO ANYBODY ELSE!" HE BROKE FORTH ANGRILY

THIRD CHAPTER

THERE was scarcely the murmur of a leaf in High Grove's royal mantle of foliage. The air itself glittered in the open with little tremulous gossamer waves of heat. From Johnson's front yard the stretch of river shone like burnished metal, and the plow works, for all their rude glare of red brick, had an oddly insubstantial effect, as though they were painted against the water. On that Sunday afternoon in August High Grove was motionless and voiceless

Nevertheless, Dyer walked rapidly. He wore a shirt-waist, white duck trousers broadly reeled at the bottom, and he carried a wide sunshade, to the languid amusement of persons in the lower town who were lounging in their scant door-yards as he passed. These persons held him in unconcealed contempt as a dude. But Dyer's long, thin, clean-shaven face and his rapid stride showed no infirmity of purpose

Johnson, on his elbow in the unmown grass which he liked better than a trim lawn, saw the owner coming, and got up as Dyer turned in at the gate. The two men shook hands briefly and sat down on the rustic bench under the largest oak in the yard. Dyer went straight at the business.

"You know how it is over there." He nodded toward the works

Johnson knew. The trust had been in operation sixty days. The competition was like this steady, unrelieved glare of the August sun. The Malden works were losing money every day. With all their losses the trust was taking away their trade. They must put prices still lower and stand still greater losses.

"I got back from Chicago yesterday" Dyer went on rapidly. "Blair renews the original offer. He will take the works for the trust at $400,000. They are sensible people. They want peace. Mr. Malden knows the situation now He knows that we shall simply ruin ourselves if we keep on fighting the trust. They can make plows cheaper than we can. They have a longer pocketbook. For every dollar that we lay down they can lay down five. You know of the plan to reduce wages ten per cent?"

"As a matter of course."

"Suppose the men accept it."

"They will accept it."

"Very well," Dyer went on. "That will reduce the cost of production by six or seven per cent., we will say. The trust will simply cut under us again. We shall make them lose a little more money. In the end it's simply their millions against our thousands. You know that. Mr. Malden knows it now. But he has taken his stand on a matter of principle. It's a point of honor with him now. He's stuck on that point of honor, and he's going to ruin himself and ruin his family."

"What do you mean?" Johnson demanded

"Exactly this, Johnson:"—he flung it out with the air of a challenge—"Mr. Malden holds only forty-eight per cent. of the stock of the company in his own name. I hold forty-six per cent. Six per cent of the stock stands in your name. Of course I know the arrangement between you and Mr. Malden. Your stock is only a quarter paid for and Mr. Malden looks upon it perhaps as essentially his property until it is paid for. Even if it were fully paid for I have no doubt that, under all the circumstances, he would take it for granted it would be voted, on any vital question, according to his wish. You know Mr. Malden. The idea of anybody in High Grove entertaining a plan in opposition to his plan doesn't readily occur to him. The point is that this stock was transferred to you. It stands in your name. You have paid something on it. You have every legal right to vote it as you please. I believe you are clearly entitled to join with me and use the stock for the trust. You and I together can muster a majority against him. I don't yield you anything in regard for Mr. Malden. You know how I stand there. But he's stuck on his point of honor. Although he knows that he's ruining himself and his family he won't give in. I don't know why you back him up in it. That's your affair In my judgment, a man really devoted to him couldn't do better than save him now in spite of himself. After all, ruining a family is a hard fact."

Johnson sat very still, his round gray eyes fixed on the bending stretch of the river. Dyer stooped and plucked a spear of grass. Then, gathering himself firmly in hand, he plunged on abruptly:

"See here, Johnson. You and I get on together better than any other two persons in the whole muss. We've both got some sense—and some nerve. We've always stood

We eat
Malta-Vita THE PERFECT FOOD

When Children are Growing

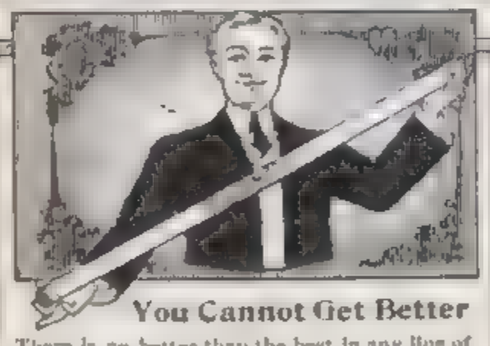
Their little bodies need all the strength they can get. They need the food that is the most easily digested and which affords the greatest amount of nourishment. They need Malta-Vita.

Malta-Vita is Good for Old and Young

It is "the perfect food," is ready to eat, and is very palatable. Children like it and it is good for them. When they ask for a lunch, feed them Malta-Vita. It is better for them than bread and butter. It is partly digested and the little stomach will not have so much work to do.

FEED THEM Malta-Vita. It will do them good.

MALTA-VITA PURE FOOD COMPANY
Battle Creek, Michigan Toronto, Canada



You Cannot Get Better

There is no better than the best in any line of goods. In shade rollers the best is the genuine

HARTSHORN
SHADE ROLLER

Constructed on simple mechanical principles of the best materials, it is a guarantee against trouble.

The Improved Hartshorn Shade Roller requires no Tacks to attach the shade.

It is equipped with patent holders which hold the shade evenly and firmly

Always look for the name Stewart Hartshorn on the label of the genuine

TIN ROLLERS WOOD ROLLERS

BURNS 90% AIR
10 per cent. Hydro-Carbon Gas

SUN INCANDESCENT GASOLINE LAMPS

Each one is a complete gas plant in itself. Gives ten times the light of a kerosene lamp, at one-half the cost. Cheaper than gas or [illegible] dant, white and steady Needed in homes, stores, halls, churches, etc. Conforms to all insurance underwriters' rules. We have branch supply depots in all the large cities of the U. S. from which orders are filled, thus making saving in freight rates. Book and prices free.

Agents Wanted

SUN VAPOR LIGHT CO., Box 508, Canton, O.
(Licensees of the ground patent for Vapor Lamps.)

Writers Wanted

[illegible] Correspondents. Reporters and Story Writers [illegible] Salary. Address United Press Syndicate 680 Majestic Building, Indianapolis, Indiana

up square-shouldered in front of each other, and understood each other, without nonsense. I don't need to say to you that I've got money outside of the works. If the plant fell in the river to-morrow I'd still be comfortably well off. But I won't put another cent into the works under present conditions, and Mr Malden hasn't anything to speak of outside of the works. I could stand it if the thing went by the board. He couldn't. What I mean is that I'm not considering any selfish interests in this." He flung it out in that challenging way

"Oh, I understand that," said Johnson quickly and harshly. "I mean I understand your motive. I know you're not plugging for your interests. As you say"—his round eyes fixed the eyes of the owner; the two men looked at each other, square-shouldered—"you and I have got on better than any other two. We understand each other. I can do this thing that you propose; I mean I'm capable of doing it; yet I am under many obligations to Mr. Malden. He trusts me fully. That stock which stands in my name he regards as his for the matter in hand. To use it against him would have all the appearance of the most detestable betrayal. If there's any man in the world that I'd hate not being able to look squarely in the eye that man is Mr. Malden. You can understand that"

"Perfectly. It would cost you something, Johnson, to turn against him and overcome him by force. Maybe more than it would cost me. But there are others. You know how much of a service it would be to Mrs Malden—and Miss Malden."

"Does she know of this?" Johnson demanded

"Naturally it's not a thing for her to know—this proposition," said Dyer; "but she knows her father's situation and the situation of the works."

Again for a moment the two men looked each other hard in the eye. Johnson's eyes turned slowly to the works and came back to Dyer's face. "I am those works," he said slowly, in a low voice, eye to eye with Dyer. "I am that plant. I've kept it going the last five years—not Malden. I am keeping it going now. I don't care a rap for the plant, either. I mean for my job and the chance, possibly, to get in as part owner, and for the town and all that. It's something else."

Dyer took a long breath, looking at the Superintendent with open admiration. "I know you've kept the plant going," he said. "And I suppose I can understand"—he bent forward and touched the other's knee. "But don't you see, Johnson, you can do better to wind it up now?"

"Maybe. It might be worth while—and wind myself up with it," said Johnson slowly. "Let me think it over"

He looked at the plant, then up at the shining bend of the river; and he did not look around as Dyer left.

FOURTH CHAPTER

AT NOON the men gathered in the wood-finishing shop, a long room on the ground floor of the main building, bare save for the work benches which ran around three sides, fitted with various tools and machines. The whole force came, four hundred, comfortably filling the room. There were a score of young women from the office and the label-room, neatly dressed in shirt-waists and summer skirts. The men lifted them to seats on a long, high bench, with jokes and laughter, so that here where the girls were there was a note of gayety, the contact of the sexes striking out its little play of comedy in spite of the heaviness which pervaded the room elsewhere

Malden pushed his way through hurriedly, with a hasty greeting here and there, and mounted the chair at the farther end of the room. Four hundred faces turned toward him in anxious silence, waiting the word from this master of their bread.

Malden spoke rapidly, earnestly. He recited briefly the original offer of the trust to buy the works, which had been rejected when it developed that the trust proposed to shut down the plant. The trust had been formed without them. It intended to dominate the field. They were bearing the full brunt of its competition. Doubtless the men all knew that the works were being operated at a loss. The Company was willing to take its full share of the fight. It would accept the situation to the limit of its ability. It would forego every cent of profit. It would even stand a round loss. But it could not stand the whole loss without ruining itself, which would be to accomplish the purpose of the trust and wipe out the High Grove plant They must go on selling plows as cheap as the trust sold if they were to hold their trade and continue in the business. The enterprise was now confronted with an enemy which purposed destroying it. They must stand together in common danger He proposed a horizontal reduction of ten per cent. in wages, pledging himself that the wages should be restored as soon as the situation improved—as soon as the trust learned that here was a community which proposed to stand up for the good that was in it; which could neither be bought nor bullied into subjection to trust rule. He would like to hear from any of the men who had anything to say.

The President's fervent voice, wound up to an oratorical pitch, stopped in a dramatic pause—and a dead silence ensued. Thirty, forty heavy painful seconds passed without a stir Then Packett, the foreman of the wood-finishing room, one of the best men in the plant, slid from a bench beside his daughter, stepped to the clear space before the chair, and faced the audience—a tall, spare man of fifty with a long, limp, iron-gray mustache

"We've heard what Mr. Malden says," he began. "I've been in the works twenty years. My children were brought up here, and I believe High Grove has been a good place for them. I'd hate to see the works shut down. We know that Mr. Malden has been fair and we can take his word. It will be pretty hard lines for some of us; but for one I'm willing to stand my cut. I think it's the best thing we can do."

That was all—to Malden's secret surprise and chagrin. There was nothing of the enthusiasm, nothing of the ideal communal loyalty which he had expected. Packett walked back to his bench. There was a little patter of applause from the older workmen—the polite cheering of a comrade, then the oppressive silence again

Lyman, a workman as old in the service as Packett himself, a skillful and steady man, with thick hair and a bushy beard, spoke from the centre of the room.

"How long will the cut last, Mr. Malden?"

"As long as the trust makes it necessary," the President replied with a touch of passion. He kept a clear face to the audience, but he was bitterly disappointed, half angry at the stolid attitude of the men.

Lyman came forward to the spot Packett had occupied, turning his hairy, intelligent face to the audience.

"I have been a long time in the works, too," he said slowly. "I think High Grove has been a good place for a workman. I will cheerfully stand the cut or double the cut if that's all we need to keep from being turned out here; if the plant will go on then as it has in the past. Ten per cent. off a workman's wages means a good deal to him—more than a wealthy man realizes. If the trust is going to gobble us up in the end there's no use in our making sacrifices. But if Mr. Malden says he thinks this cut will fix him so he can hold his own against the trust until the trust gives in we ought to take his judgment."

"I can only tell you what the situation is now," said the President quietly. The oppression reached his heart. "One cannot see what the future holds. In my judgment the ten per cent. cut will suffice. I have given you my best judgment. The alternative is to close the works."

Nothing more was offered. Malden stepped down from the chair. The men began leaving the room in heavy silence. When most of them were gone Malden himself went out, keenly disappointed, gloomy, and chagrined because they had met him with no more enthusiasm.

Going out, he saw Johnson by the door, talking to a knot of men. The Superintendent's big spare frame loomed above the others His bent head and lean face gave an effect of power. There were force, conviction, authority in the tones of his voice. The men were nodding their heads in assent

"Yes, that's so," one of them said

It lightened the President's oppressed heart. Here was something sure, solid, invincible in a world which had somehow been getting all adrift. He felt Johnson like a rock under his struggling feet

When Johnson presently went around to the office he came upon Genslow at the corner of the building, talking with Biggs and four or five other iron workers, recent arrivals, men from Chicago who had been through strikes and worked in unions.

"The old man's guff didn't fool 'em much," he heard Biggs say

The Superintendent threw Genslow a hard look, and passed on without other recognition. No courtesy was wasted between him and the editor nowadays.

(TO BE CONCLUDED)

LIGHT
AS THE KISS
OF DEW
ON THE MORNING
ROSE

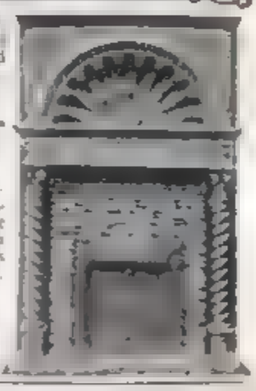
NABISCO
Sugar Wafers

MELT ON THE
TONGUE
LIKE A SNOWFLAKE
DISSOLVED IN THE
SUN,
AND BEQUEATH A
LINGERING REMINISCENCE
OF PLEASURE.

Made in Many Flavors

NATIONAL
BISCUIT
COMPANY

Handsome Hardwood Mantels



With and without our [illegible] selected woods selected for
Rare Beauty of Grain
We sell direct from factory with freight paid to your home.
Write for free booklet, showing styles, telling why our mantels excel and how you save money and get a better selection by buying direct. Also tells how to properly set mantels, grates, etc
White Mantel and Tile Co.
624 Gay St Knoxville Tenn

RIDER AGENTS WANTED

in each town, to help us sell overstock of high grade bicycles at *half factory cost*

NEW 1902 MODELS.

"Bellino" Complete [illegible] $8.75
"Comet" [illegible] $9.75
"Sterling" [illegible] $10.75
"Nelson" [illegible] $11.75

Any other make or model you want at one third usual price.

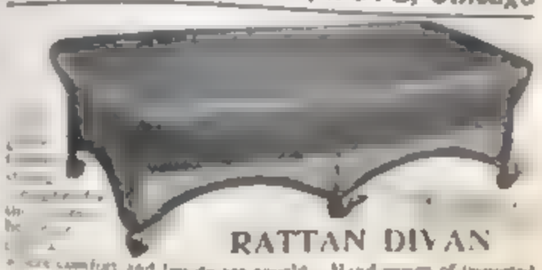
Choice of M. & W. or Record tires and best equipment on all our bicycles. *Strong guarantee.*

We SHIP ON APPROVAL C. O. D. to anyone *without a cent deposit* and allow **10 DAYS' FREE TRIAL**. If you like it after free trial pay the price named and freight charges and it is yours. If not entirely satisfactory after free trial ship it back to us and you will not be out a cent.

500 GOOD 2nd-HAND WHEELS $3 to $8

DO NOT BUY a bicycle until you have written for our free catalog with large photographic engravings and full descriptions.

MEAD CYCLE CO., Dept. 54 S, Chicago



RATTAN DIVAN

[illegible] comfort and beauty are sought. Hand woven of imported rattan, on straight, artistic lines. Our own new and exclusive designs to factory

RATTAN NOVELTY CO., 131 East South St., Indianapolis, Ind.

Radcliffe

The Saving Shoe for Women

Radcliffe shoes are a mystery to many people. It does seem like a miracle to make a shoe of the finest selected materials and with the highest shoe making skill and sell it year in and year out for a third less than you could expect. Many a shoe sold for $3.50 will not stand comparison alongside of the Radcliffe Shoe at

$2.50 a pair

Look at the new line at your dealer's. If he should not have them send us his name. We will tell you who sells them near you and send you, free, a book of shoe styles.

THE RADCLIFFE SHOE CO.
Dept. 30, Boston
Mass.

Elbert Hubbard
author of
"A Message to Garcia"
has written another remarkably strong and inspiring story entitled
"Get Out or Get in Line."

This book has been published by the manufacturers of the famous Ralston-Purina Cereals who will gladly send it to the readers of this notice together with two other great stories: "Mary and John in the Home" by Alice B. Stockham and "Why Some Men Fail" by Lorin F. Deland. Send 10 cents in stamps or coin for the 3 books. Address

Purina Mills,
"Where Purity is Paramount"
701 Gratiot St., St. Louis, Mo.

DON'T ROAST YOURSELF
by standing over a hot stove, but make summer cooking a pleasure by using our

Steam Cooker with Doors

Entire meal cooked over one burner. Saves fuel, labor and provisions. Used on any kind of stove. Only cooker made with steam condenser and copper tank, sold on 30 days' trial. Get it for your home and summer cottage.

Agents Wanted Liberal terms. Good incomes can be earned by agents. Write for territory at once. Don't delay, as largest sales are made during summer months. Illustrated circulars free.

OHIO STEAM COOKER CO.
56 Ontario Bldg., Ont. and Jeff. Sts., Toledo, Ohio

LITERARY FOLK
Their ways and their work

A ROSE with any other name may keep its fragrance, but a dog is banned by a bad name, and between the two saws authors and publishers hold to the latter. When Nansen's famous book of Arctic exploration was to be published there was an anxious search for a name. Farthest North seemed an inspiration until the joy of discovery was chilled by the fact that another book had recently been published under the same name. Fortunately a compromise was reached, since the earlier book was practically out of the field, and the name was used again.

There was once a manuscript novel which bore the desolate title of Hardscrabble. When it appeared in print, however, it rejoiced in the brave designation of In Defiance of the King.

Unconscious duplication of titles is not uncommon, witness The Seafarers, The Alien and The Aliens, The Mills of God and Mills of God. There are titles also which betray a desire to follow in the wake of a popular success. The Helmet of Navarre had a following of Navarrelets, but it is improbable that there were any material results. More conspicuous just at present is the case of Mr. Major's latest romance, Dorothy Vernon of Haddon Hall. The author's remarkable success with his first novel, and the skillful publication and prominent advertising of his new book, made this a shining mark. There are those who remember Nast's famous cartoons of the Greeley campaign, wherein Gratz Brown invariably appeared as a tag pinned to the tails of Greeley's voluminous coat. In a less legitimate way tags have been surreptitiously appended to the cloak of Mr. Major's romance. Now there is but one Dorothy and Mr. Major is her prophet. Imitation may be sincere flattery, but its ethical character in this case is none the less indefensible and annoying.

Legally there is probably no way of suppressing a title which may be a close imitation of the name of a successful book. It would certainly be hard to prove damages from loss of sales due to the purchase of the imitation under misapprehension, but that injury is done is altogether probable. There is also the annoyance to author and publisher which might properly be included among the indirect damages. This is not piracy, as piracy was defined in the days before international copyright, but it is assuredly an attempt to batten upon the wit and enterprise of others which calls for suppression on the part of readers.

The Passing of Big Sales

One bit of news which has been developed by this controversy is the announcement that Mr. Major's Dorothy has entered upon her second hundred thousand. Though the book advertising of the spring and summer season has shown a passionate strenuousness which must have wakened the applause of newspaper counting-rooms, there has been a coyness, as it were, regarding the mention of figures. Two years ago displays of imposing figures were everywhere in evidence. It was clearly set forth, not only in the papers but on the boardings and blank walls, that the conquests of the pen outstripped those of the sword, whether the sword was that of Attila or Genghis Khan or Napoleon. But in the last year the note has changed. Pronunciamentos as to new editions, and large editions, exhausted editions, and best-selling books have been issued with the usual rapid-fire zeal, but the figures have been held in abeyance.

The mention of the second hundred thousand of Dorothy Vernon is an exception to a new rule, and this reserve is full of significance. Those who read between the lines see in this modest reticence as to figures the passing of the day of "big sales." The publishers have been slow to share this opinion. They have camped on the doorstep of each other's authors, they have searched London and America with a fine-tooth comb, and their glittering promises and freakish advertising, and desperate experimenting in this direction and that, have shown the potency with which the gambling virus, due to the enormous sales of a few novels, has fastened itself upon them.

Other and more constant departments of their lists have been neglected, but that, of course, is their own affair. The results have been an overproduction of fiction, with a profit to some authors and to many advertising mediums which has assuredly transcended the returns to the book-makers.

Some two years since, the head of that very interesting development, The Booklovers Library, was quoted as saying that his library would put an end to "big sales." Very likely he was a true prophet. With the large subscription lists of the library and the multiplication of Tabard Inn Libraries and libraries on trains and steamers and elsewhere, it seems reasonably evident that each popular book will have a large number of library readers, and that some of these readers under other conditions would have been purchasers. After all, the majority of novels are taken as a means of recreation or time-killing, and when Tabard Inns and through trains place these novels within every one's reach for a nominal consideration or for none at all, why should the average man make purchases? He is not likely to buy scales when a penny in the slot will answer his purpose.

Is the Public Tired of Novels?

But there is quite another phase of this curious condition. It is a fair question whether the public have not been surfeited with novels and rendered skeptical by the tom-tom beating of the advertisers. There are opportunities enough for book-making, and new books must be had, but the industrial craze as illustrated in fiction seems to be exhibiting a reaction. There are reviewers of the passing literary show who are still expounding the virtues of international copyright as the reason for American successes. The explanation was given years ago, and it contains a solid truth. But these same reviewers have failed to keep pace with the procession. American successes have led to American excesses in the production of books, and safe lines of effort have been neglected for glittering possibilities. With these possibilities growing more remote and the iridescence of the fiction-bubble fading, there may come a day of reckoning for certain of the more speculative brethren, and a change of heart for others.

The zeal shown by the latter-day publisher in stalking new game is illustrated in the rapid appearance of books by the distinguished ex-actress, Clara Morris. Her Recollections yielded a capital series of graphic pictures of stage life and therein she was at her best. Her experiences had been varied and picturesque. She had known the leaders of the stage, and her personal sketches were apt and lifelike. She had known also the vicissitudes, the pathos as well as the humor and the triumphs, which form the unseen drama of theatrical life, and her story was well worth reading. It was doubtless the cordial reception given to her book, and possibly the glittering promises of fiction as well, that led her to essay a novel of the stage, although her novel writing, as the story shows, was the work of an untrained hand.

Curiously enough, though the stage furnishes more newspaper gossip than almost any other topic, the theatrical novel has rarely attracted readers. In this case the interest of the first book and of the author's personality seem to have launched the novel under favorable conditions, but it is doubtful whether candid readers will show the zeal in recommending it to others which is said to be the most effective form of advertisement. Furthermore, although the novel is but fairly launched, a third book is already announced, which appears to promise further recollections and more or less intimate expositions of the life of the stage. Of such is the modern rapid-fire system of book-making.

Mennen's
FACE ON EVERY BOX

A Nurse Knows

the difference between Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder and ordinary toilet powders. Her training and experience enable her to discriminate between an article that is pure and one that contains irritants of a dangerous nature. THE TRAINED NURSES OF AMERICA USE MORE OF MENNEN'S BORATED TALCUM TOILET POWDER THAN OF ALL OTHER POWDERS COMBINED. It is endorsed by physicians, used by the United States Government and by millions of discriminating people.

For the Toilet

For Infants

Refuse Imitations.

The genuine **Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder** can be distinguished by the picture of Gerhard Mennen which appears on the cover of the box.

Mennen's Borated Talcum Toilet Powder differs from all other toilet powders. It is a sanitary preparation of recognized antiseptic properties, composed of purified talcum and other soothing ingredients. It is a positive relief for

After Shaving

Prickly Heat
Chafed Skin
Sunburn
Nettle Rash

And all other afflictions of the skin.

It alleviates the troubles of infancy, soothes the skin after shaving, beautifies the complexion and removes the odor of perspiration.

For Athletes

Sold everywhere, 25 cents.

Sample Free if you mention this magazine.

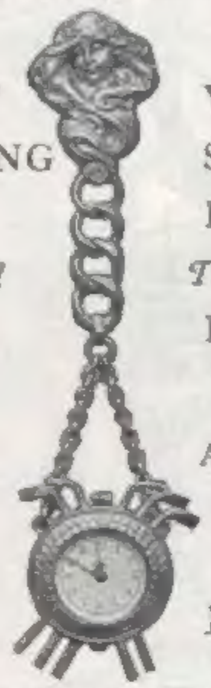
GERHARD MENNEN CO.
10 Orange St., Newark, N. J.

NEW ENGLAND

Chatelaine Belt Watches

ARTISTIC STYLES AND DESIGNS

FOR LADIES' STERLING GRAY *Warranted* Nine



WEAR SILVER FINISH *Timekeepers* Designs

Illustrated Booklet Sent on Application

FOR BY LEADING SALE ALL JEWELERS

THE NEW ENGLAND WATCH CO.

NEW YORK 37 Maiden Lane — *CHICAGO* 177 Wabash Ave. — *SAN FRANCISCO* Sprechels Bldg.

A Trip to California Through Colorado

Burlington Route

The trip to California can be made at very little expense, and in the greatest comfort by joining one of our Personally Conducted Excursion Parties which leave from Chicago and St. Louis every week. These parties travel in a Pullman Tourist Sleeping Car, in which the price for a berth which holds two persons comfortably is only $6.00. They go by way of Denver, through Colorado by daylight, past all the magnificent mountain scenery, and through Salt Lake City. The most intensely interesting ride in America. Send for our folder giving full particulars.

P. S. EUSTIS, Passenger Traffic Manager, C. B. & Q. Ry. Co., Chicago.

4 INTEREST %

Put Your Savings to Work

This bank accepts savings in any amount from $1 up and allows interest at the rate of 4 per cent. annually, compounded every six months.

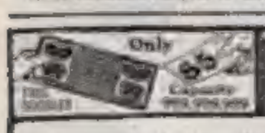
You Can Bank by Mail

Capital and Surplus of $700,000 guarantee absolute protection

Write for Booklet B telling all about our banking by mail system.

PEOPLES SAVINGS BANK
Peoples Savings Bank Building, Pittsburgh, Pa.

ALABASTINE We want to tell you of the durable and sanitary wall coating, ALABASTINE, and of the beautiful effects that you can get without using poisonous paper or glue kalsomines. Write for free information.
ALABASTINE CO., 39 S. Division St., Grand Rapids, Mich.



THE LOCKE ADDER

Fastest, simplest, handiest, most practical and durable, low-priced calculating machine. Adds, Subtracts, Multiplies, Divides. Cannot make mistakes. Computes nine columns simultaneously. Saves time, labor, brain. Lasts a lifetime. Booklet free.

C. E. LOCKE M'F'G CO., 46 Walnut St., Kennett, Iowa

GUYOT SUSPENDERS are the easiest and most comfortable suspender made. Have indestructible buttonholes. If your dealer doesn't keep them send 50 cents for sample pair.
GUYOT BROS., 621 Broadway, New York City

STAMMER

The Reed Method for the cure of stammering is based on an actual class-room experience with nearly 3000 stammerers. It leads to perfectly normal speech. Write for book explaining methods to
FRANK A. REED, 897 Hubbard Ave., Detroit, Mich.

The Reading Table

The Lawyer's Unlucky Text

The revival of the report that Justice Gray, of the United States Supreme Court, will retire from the bench during the coming fall has furnished a text for many reminiscences of his earlier days. While he was a member of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts the case was brought before him of a man who had committed an offense of a particularly mean sort, and the longer the Judge listened to the testimony the more stern and uncompromising became the expression of his face. But the lawyer for the defense had contrived to avail himself of some technicality which was insurmountable. Though Judge Gray was compelled to set the fellow free, he felt that the occasion was ripe for remarks; so with a look of the utmost scorn and disgust he said:

"Prisoner, stand up! It would have given me great satisfaction to sentence you to a punishment commensurate with your wrongdoing. As it is, thanks to a technicality, I am obliged to discharge you. I know that you are guilty, and so do you. And I feel bound to remind you that you will some day pass before a wiser and vastly better Judge, who will deal with you according to justice and not according to law."

A certain Boston lawyer, an exceedingly pious man with a taste for evangelization, had his letterheads printed with a verse from Scripture in large type following the name and address. On one occasion, having to make an *ex parte* preliminary argument before Judge Gray in chambers, in which it would be necessary to disclose certain parts of his client's case which he desired not to make generally public until the trial, he wrote the Judge a note asking that he be allowed an opportunity to speak to him in private. He was somewhat chagrined when his note came back to him with a scrawl across the bottom: "Request denied, with a suggestion from the Court that counsel base future petitions on a more appropriate citation."

For a moment he could not make out the meaning of this, as he was not aware that he had quoted any law; but glancing up the page he discovered that he had written his note on a letterhead bearing this text:

"Ye are bought with a price."

Another Ant Hill for Sluggards

Mr. W. C. Brown, Vice-President and General Manager of the New York Central Railroad, began life as a section hand on the right of way. He was asked recently to what he attributed his success and the fact that he is now a Vice-President of a great system instead of being still a section hand.

"More than to any other one thing," he says, "I presume it is due to the fact that I have never been too insistent on stopping work when my regular day's task is finished."

The story of how Mr. Brown was marked for promotion is interesting. Years ago, when he was still with the section gang, he injured his hand in the course of his work. While he was convalescing he employed his time in learning telegraphy. Later he was appointed to a position as telegrapher at Burlington, Iowa. One morning, after an unexpected and violent snowstorm, Mr. T. J. Potter, the famous railroad man, alighted on the platform of the station at Burlington. As he made his way toward the station he was met by the Yard Master and a young man, who were just coming from the yards. The young man passed on, but the Yard Master stopped to acknowledge Mr. Potter's greeting and to answer his inquiries.

"Well, sir," said he, "I've had an awful night. This storm came on unexpectedly, and we had several hundred head of live stock in cars that were in danger of freezing. I've been out all night, but I'm glad to say the stock is safe."

"Who was the young man with you?" asked Mr. Potter.

"He's a telegraph operator here," answered the Yard Master. "Name's Brown. I don't know what I'd have done if it hadn't been for that young man. He comes on at four o'clock in the afternoon and quits at midnight. This storm came on us just as he was getting ready to go home. But he didn't go. There wasn't any reason at all why he shouldn't have gone. He'd done a full day's work. But he saw the danger, and he just put on his coat and went out with me, and he's been out all night helping me provide for that stock. I don't know what I'd have done without him."

Mr. Potter, as the saying is, "put a pin in" the incident right there. From then on he watched young Brown's career without the latter's being aware of it, and the young man was advanced from one responsible position to another, with the result that he now presides over the operating department of one of the greatest railroad systems in the world.

A Message to the Philippines

Felipe Buencamino, who was Secretary of State under Aguinaldo and who is now a member of the Civil-Service Board in the Philippines, has been studying Washington, whither he was called to testify before the Senate Committee on the Philippines.

"Had I known of the strange genius of the American people," said he, "I should have counseled surrender of our forces long before I was captured.

"Here," exclaimed Señor Buencamino, "you build for books," referring to the Congressional Library, "a temple, vast, bewildering, beautiful beyond compare, but you house your Chief Magistrate, your Ruler, in a building *mas humilde* (humbler) by far than Malicaman, the palace where you keep as prisoner, Aguinaldo, your rebel.

"It is impossible as yet for the Filipino mind to grasp the American idea. It is folly, indescribable folly, for the Filipino to combat the American spirit. I shall have great things to tell my people."

Mark Twain's Cautious Questions

Senator Stewart, of Nevada, tells a story of Mark Twain's early days in Carson City.

"At that time," said Senator Stewart, "the humorist had not attained to the philosophic calm which comes with college degrees. He was a journalist, and an unterrified one. In Carson City he boarded at the home of his brother, who was a model citizen and a Christian.

"One morning I was a guest of this brother at breakfast. We had just seated ourselves at the table when a voice drawled from the stairway above:

"'Have you read the Scripture lesson this morning?'

"'Yes,' was the reply.

"'Had family prayers?' continued the voice from above.

"'Yes, Sam,' said the host, smiling at me.

"There was a pause, and then in the now well-known drawl came the further question:

"'Said grace?'

"'Yes,' responded the patient head of the household.

"'All right, then,' came the cheerful comment from the stairway; 'I'll be right down.' And presently the irreverent youth, who in a few years was to promote the gayety of nations, joined us at the breakfast-table."

How the Flowers Sleep

Flower growers have discovered how to produce lilacs in autumn, and in the coming fall will put these pretty blossoms on the market in considerable quantities. It is quite a wonderful achievement, considering how peculiarly they are associated with the springtime, and the way in which it is accomplished is most curious and interesting.

In a state of Nature, the lilac plant requires a period of rest before producing its flowers. That period is the winter, when the cold enforces repose. But it is found that the plant can be cheated into blossoming in autumn by exposing it to the fumes of ether, which put it to sleep for a little while, after which it proceeds to blossom luxuriantly.

Florists grow the plants in pots, and in the fall place them, pots and all, in a large box which contains an uncorked bottle of ether. In this manner they are exposed to the ether vapor for forty-eight hours, the box being airtight; and sometimes the operation is repeated a few days later. When they come out they are ready to start right in at blossoming, and the glass gardener obtains a fine crop of lilacs for the early winter trade.

The process sometimes weakens the colors of the flowers, but this does not matter in the case of lilacs, because the kind preferred by florists is the white.

Victor Talking Machine Distributers

Chicago, Ill.—The Talking Machine Co., 107 Madison St.
Chicago, Ill.—Lyon & Healy.
New York, N. Y.—Victor Distributing and Export Co., No. 1 Broadway.
New York, N. Y.—C. Bruno & Son, 350 Broadway.
Syracuse, N. Y.—W. D. Andrews.
Boston, Mass.—The Eastern Talking Machine Co.
Kansas City, Mo.—J. F. Schmelzer & Sons Arms Co.
Evansville, Ind.—E. K. Ashby Bicycle Co.
Boston, Mass.—John C. Haynes & Co.
Cleveland, O.—Cleveland Talking Machine Co.
Jacksonville, Fla.—Metropolitan Talking Machine Co.
Philadelphia, Pa.—Western Electric Co., 933 Market St.
New Orleans, La.—National Automatic Fire Alarm Co.
Cincinnati, O.—The Rudolph Wurlitzer Co.
Baltimore, Md.—H. R. Eisenbrandt's Sons.
Buffalo, N. Y.—P. A. Powers, 443 Main St.
St. Louis, Mo.—Victor Talking Machine, Limited, Carleton Building.
St. Louis, Mo.—Simmons Hardware Co.
San Francisco, Cal.—Sherman Clay & Co.
St. Paul, Minn.—Koehler & Hinrichs.
Indianapolis, Ind.—Carlin & Lennox.
Lincoln, Neb.—The Wittmann Co.
Omaha, Neb.—A. Hospe, Jr.
Pittsburgh, Pa.—S. Hamilton.
Detroit, Mich.—Grinnell Bros.

VICTOR TALKING MACHINE COMPANY
Stephen Girard Building, Philadelphia

WILLIAMS' SHAVING STICK

The lather of Williams' Shaving Stick acts like rich cream to the hot or irritated face. It is soothing, comforting, refreshing, and antiseptic, and makes shaving really enjoyable.

Price, 25 Cents, of all Druggists.

The J. B. Williams Co., Glastonbury, Ct.
LONDON PARIS DRESDEN SYDNEY

We Want a Boy

In every town in the country to act as selling agent for THE SATURDAY EVENING POST this Fall. About 4000 boys are already earning money each week through this plan. We want to double the number.

To any boy who answers this notice we will send, entirely without charge, 10 copies of next week's issue, to be sold at 5c each

After that all the copies required will be furnished at the special wholesale price. Any boy can earn lots of spending money by working after school-hours on Friday afternoon and on Saturday morning. If you will try the plan write to us, and we will send next week's supply of 10 copies, with full instructions, and a booklet written by some of our boys, telling of their methods. You can be just as successful as they are.

THE CURTIS PUBLISHING COMPANY
PHILADELPHIA

GINSENG $25,000 made from one half acre. Easily grown throughout the U. S. and Canada. Room in your garden to grow thousands of dollars' worth. Roots and seeds for sale. Send 4c. for postage and get our booklet telling all about it.
McDOWEL Ginseng Garden, Joplin, Mo., U. S. A.

The Art of
Advertising Taught by Mail

by a system devised by ten of the best advertising authorities in America. It prepares young men and women for a paying profession that has many openings waiting competent pupils.

If already employed it makes you more valuable to your employer by qualifying you to handle the advertising. Merchants can increase their business by learning how to improve their advertising.

The instructions are completed in three months. Write for terms and booklet that will convince you of the profitable opportunities open to you.

CAHN, WAMPOLD & CO., Wholesale Clothiers, CHICAGO, ILL. F. P. Barker.

WITT K. COCHRANE, President, Chicago College of Advertising.

DEAR SIR: Mr. Barker whom you sent us is doing splendidly up to date. We are very well pleased. Very truly yours,
F. C. CAHN.

Chicago College of Advertising
Suite B, Isabella Building, Chicago, Illinois

Shattuck School
FARIBAULT, MINN.
Founded by Bishop Whipple in 1865

Prepares for best Universities. Excellent moral, intellectual, military, athletic training in exceptional climate. Charming home and school for twenty boys, seven to twelve, wholly separate. Catalogues interest parents who want the best. Re-opens September 16th.

REV. JAMES DOBBIN, D. D., Rector

WANTED 1000 Men and Women to learn our new System of Shorthand and Bookkeeping by Mail. Thousands of our graduates employed. Established 23 years. Only $2 for our Bookkeeping, Shorthand, Penmanship, Law and Forms, 700 pages, 50,000 sold. Address, Parsons' Business College, Kalamazoo, Mich.

Columbian University
WASHINGTON, D. C.
SCHOOLS OF LAW

Law School: Three years' course leading to degree of LL. B. **School of Comparative Jurisprudence and Diplomacy:** Three courses of higher legal, political and diplomatic training leading to degrees of Master of Laws, Master of Diplomacy, and Doctor of Civil Law.

The National Capital affords special advantages to students of Law and Diplomacy. For catalogues and information address, Channing Rudd, Sec'y, 1420 H Street, Washington, D. C.

PREPARES FOR CORNELL
The University Preparatory School
Boarding and Day Departments
SUMMER TERM opens JULY 16 for 8 weeks
FALL TERM for year 1902-1903 opens SEPT. 30
Eleventh Year. Send for Illustrated Catalogue.
CHAS. A. STILES, B. S., Ave. E, Ithaca, N.Y.

Utica, N. Y., Conservatory of Music
Edward B. Fitch and Robert J. Hughes, Directors
Alfred H. Joy, Secretary

Unsurpassed advantages offered in the following departments: Vocal, Piano, Organ, Violin, Cornet, Elocution, Physical Culture, Languages, etc. Year Courses at special rates. Send for Catalogue. Address Secretary, Conservatory of Music, Utica, N. Y.

New York University Law School

Sixty-eighth year opens Oct. 1, 1902. **Day Classes** with sessions from 3:30 to 6 P. M. (LL. B. after two years.) **Evening Classes,** sessions 8 to 10 P. M. (LL. B. after three years.) Graduate Classes lead to LL. M. Tuition, $100. For circulars address
L. J. TOMPKINS, Registrar, Washington Sq., N. Y. City

ATTEND SCHOOL CHEAPER
by entering through us. We have special arrangements with several hundred leading Colleges, Boarding Schools, Military Schools, Schools of Medicine, Pharmacy, Law, Business, Music, Art, etc. Write for particulars, stating course desired, when you wish to enter, previous educational advantages and first and second choice of school. Catalogues of all schools and colleges FREE.
American School and College Agency, 1227 Fisher Bldg., Chicago

CHATTANOOGA COLLEGE OF LAW
Law Department of Grant University
Two years' course leading to degree of LL.B. and admission to state and U. S. Courts. Fine law building and strong faculty of twelve members. Terms very reasonable. Students can be self-supporting while studying. Mild winter climate. Next term begins Oct. 6, 1902. For catalogue and full particulars address Maj. Chas. R. Evans, Dean, Chattanooga, Tenn.

Kirkwood Military Academy

Large, beautiful grounds. Numbers limited; instruction individual; moral training of the highest. Prepares for college or business. Twenty-first year begins September 11, 1902.
Send for catalog. Col. EDWARD A. MAIGHT, Kirkwood, Mo.

PATENT SECURED or FEES returned. FREE opinion as to patentability.
Send for our Guide Book and What To Invent, finest publications ever issued for free distribution. Patents secured through us advertised without charge in The Patent Record. SAMPLE COPY FREE. EVANS, WILKENS & CO., Washington, D. C.

The Copper King

(Continued from Page 11)

transportation of grain, and in general on the cheaper classes of necessities; otherwise it was much the same, with one exception. On ores, and the refined products of ores, ingots, etc., they sent the tariff soaring up to a figure at which even the Birthday, rich as it was, and the Northwestern, economical as it was, could hardly pay a respectable dividend.

And if we could hardly make mining pay, we who took out the richest ore in the district and refined it in the cheapest way, do you ask how the other copper mines fared? Do you know why they could still make money though the freight on their products from Red City to Bridgetown was as great as from there on to the seaboard? Do you know why Cooper and Rosenblum and Armstrong and the others didn't join eagerly with me to resist this outrage, and why Halstead, when he stopped me on the street to commiserate with me about it, had all the while he talked a half concealed smile in his beard?

It was because, after they had paid the outrageous charges of the Red City and Texas Railroad Company, the company cheerfully paid a large part of the charges back again. The transaction is known as a rebate. It used to make Lawrence boil every time he thought about it. I didn't like it a bit myself. If the drain could be kept up long enough it would, if not ruin me outright, at least force me to sell out again at my adversary's price. It was a great inconvenience; it hurt my pocketbook, but it didn't enrage me as it did Lawrence. For it troubled the part of him, true New Englander that he was, which was most sensitive; it was revolting to his principles. "If these practices are possible," he used to say, "no man is safe. It is a violation of the Constitution. I beg you, my dear sir, to bring suit against them."

"I'll do that when the time comes," I would answer him. But that wasn't the way the battle was to be won.

Meanwhile Stanley was killing two birds with one stone. The new freight rate hit me alone and hit me hard, but it served another purpose, too. It was the shrewdest kind of politics. I had gone into one party, he into the other, and his was the party which, according to its platform, stood for the "Poor against the Plutocrat." The new management of the railroad was, so the Argus said, making the plutocrats squirm, and so well were the cards played, so bright was this benevolent but immaterial rainbow painted, that in the spring elections his party swept the State. It even got control of the Red City Board of Aldermen, where I had thought myself impregnable, so that a franchise I had asked for, to establish and operate an electric trolley line in the streets of the town, was thrown out without discussion.

When once the tide turns in matters of chance, of successes or failures, it is wonderful how strong it runs. We never get off with one defeat. For years I had been moving along with an unbroken record of successes, and now, at once, though I had been looking ahead just as carefully, though I had been planning my campaign just as shrewdly, I had been routed, crumpled up, all along the line. I think if a man is inclined to think his successes all his own doing, and to speak with a sneer of the men who fail, an experience like mine is good for him.

Throughout the town my defeat was regarded as final. Rumor is never very kind to a man who is down, and stories of my losses flew about the streets, growing as they went. Sometimes the men I knew spoke to me about them, told me how they had denied this, or asked if they should deny that, but most of what I heard had been poured into Barget's unwilling ears at her tea-table. Society began to pity us, and then to make excuses, and then, when the rumors grew bigger and blacker, as rats leave the ship, they abandoned us.

I came upon Barget one evening when she didn't know I was about, and found her crying. She declared at first that it was only the blues, or the mopes, or something of the sort, and smiled as well as she could. But I drew her down on the sofa beside me and told her to tell me all about it.

"Oh, it's just the same thing," she said; "the same stories and gossip and——"

"I know," said I. "'Such a pity that your husband is ruined!' and 'Where are you going to live?' and all the rest of it. I don't wonder that it wears you out, even when you know what folly it is." And then I suggested that we go out to our little house under the cliff until the tide set the other way.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

62 Slightly Damaged Sets
For Saturday Evening Post Readers

Size of Volumes, 9 x 12 Inches

Upon taking stock recently we found that we have on hand a few **slightly damaged** sets of the "World's Best Music." For all practical purposes these sets are as **good as new.** Here and there a leaf is slightly soiled or a binding a little rubbed, but there are no torn pages. Sixty-two of these remaining sets have been reserved for readers of **The Saturday Evening Post,** and we offer them as long as they last at the bare cost of making and handling. **The coupon below will bring you a set for examination.** You do not buy until you see the books. They are sent to you on approval, and can be returned if not satisfactory. Every lover of music will appreciate this opportunity to obtain the **world's greatest collection of music at cost.**

Library of the World's Best Music

New Enlarged Edition of 8 Volumes; 4 Vocal, 4 Instrumental

The work contains **300 instrumental selections** by the greatest composers; melodious, not too difficult, including popular and operatic melodies, dances, funeral marches, and classic and romantic piano music. There are **350 best old and new songs,** duets, trios, and quartets. The volumes are richly illustrated with **400 portraits,** many of them being handsome chromatic art plates printed in many colors. The work contains **300 biographies** of musicians, and more than **100 new and copyrighted** selections by American composers. **It is the most complete collection of music in existence.**

2,200 Pages of Sheet Music

The volumes are crowded with the best selections for every occasion. There are 2,200 pages of sheet music, which would cost, if purchased one piece at a time, **more than $200.00.** The volumes are **nearly sheet music** size, and are specially bound so as to **open flat at the piano and remain open.** In number of pages of sheet music, number of biographies, and in number of illustrations, this Musical Library leads all others. In the preparation of the work **20 editors** and special contributors have assisted. It has been endorsed by music-loving people in every English-speaking country. **400** composers are represented, including such world-famous names as Paderewski, Balfe, Liszt, Wagner, Mozart, Gounod, Beethoven, De Koven, Strauss, Sullivan, and Handel. There are eight volumes in the set, handsomely bound in half leather or cloth. Size of volumes, 9 x 12 inches—nearly sheet music size.

Every Home in Which There is a Piano

should possess this splendid Musical Library. As long as the slightly marred sets last they will be sold to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers at **$19.00** for sets in half-leather binding, and **$16.00** for cloth binding, and you may pay in small payments of **$1.00 a month.** The amount saved by securing one of the remaining sets is shown by the fact that the "World's Best Music" sells regularly for $48 and $36. The coupon will bring you a set for examination. We feel confident that you will keep the set after you have examined it and compared it with other collections of music. If, owing to any cause, it is not entirely satisfactory, you may return it to us **at our expense.** ☞ Do not forget to send the coupon, as this offer is made only to SATURDAY EVENING POST readers.

The University Society
78 Fifth Avenue, New York

The University Society
78 Fifth Avenue
New York

Please send me on approval, prepaid, a slightly damaged set of "The World's Best Music" reserved for SATURDAY EVENING POST readers in half-leather. If satisfactory I agree to pay $1 within 5 days and $1 per month thereafter for 18 months; if not satisfactory, I agree to return them within 5 days.

Signed .....

Address .....

S. E. P. 9-16 In ordering cloth, change 18 mos. to 15 mos.
Not necessary to send coupon if Saturday Evening Post is mentioned.

A 50-Cent Hat by Mail

MEN'S HAT No. 1
In soft, rough finish. *Colors:* Gray Mix, Brown Mix, and Black Mix.

Either of these hats sent, postpaid, on receipt of 50 cents in cash, postal-order or stamps. Money back if not satisfactory. We refer to The First National Bank of Middletown, N. Y. We are hat manufacturers and make the following offer to introduce these hats and our other lines of Men's, Boys', and Women's Hats in every town in the United States. *Send for catalogue.*

MEN'S HAT No. 2
In smooth finish. *Colors:* Black, Brown, Maple, Steel, and Pearl.

MIDDLETOWN HAT COMPANY, 66 Mill Street, Middletown, N. Y.

I Want to be a Pen and Ink Artist

If you have a liking or natural talent for drawing, cut this out and mail it with your name and address, and get a free Sample Lesson, circular with terms, etc.
N. Y. School of Caricature, 55 World Bldg., New York City

CHICAGO-KENT COLLEGE OF LAW
Law Department Lake Forest University
Three years' course, leading to degree of LL. B. Large Faculty. Prepares for admission to Bar in all States. Extension preparatory course. Individual instruction. Write Secretary, Elmer E. Barrett, LL. B., 1009 Title and Trust Bldg., Chicago

How to Succeed in Business

We will send, if you apply at once, a copy of our instructive book on *Business*, explaining the best system of accounts in the world, and how you can make more money and better your position. It is FREE. Commercial Correspondence School of Rochester, N. Y.

This Valuable Book Free

Can You DRAW FUNNY Pictures?
Or if you would like to draw them, write for our beautiful colored publication containing famous artists' photos and free lesson No. 9.
DAN McCARTHY, Director.
National School of Cartoonists, 5 World Building, New York City

Libby's Corned Beef Hash

is one of the articles which can never be equalled in a private kitchen. This viand

IS DISTINCTIVELY AMERICAN

and universally popular; but comparatively few persons can make it just right.
Libby's cooks make it this way, and it's good.
Breakfasts—Luncheons—Suppers can all be made successes with any of

LIBBY'S (Natural Flavor) FOOD PRODUCTS

and the book, "How to Make Good Things to Eat," tells how; ask for it, it's free.

Send five 2-cent stamps for Libby's big home Atlas. It has 32 new maps. Size 8 x 11 inches.

Libby, McNeill & Libby, Chicago, U. S. A.